THE PRISONERS AND CLARACILLA.

Two Tragæ-Comedies.

As they were preſented at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by her M^tics Servants.

Written by *Tho. Killigrew*, Gent.

LONDON

Printed by *T. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop, at the ſigne of the Greene *Dragon* in *Pauls* Church-yard. 1641.

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CANADA

Robt TO Gl. 29

HIS MOST HONOVR'D VNCLE Mr. THOMAS KILLEGREVV, on his two excellent Playes, the *PRISONERS* and *CLARACILLA.*

WHen, worthy ſir, I reade your Playes, and finde,
Iudgement and Wit, in one ſtrict knot combin'de;
How unconſtrain'd Both meete to make things rare,
And fit without th' expence of Paines or Care;
How ev'ry Scene is manag'd, how each Line
Doth with a quicke, yet gentle cleareneſſe ſhine;
How every Paſſion's rais'd by juſt degrees,
And every humor pend to the life: yet Theſe
So truely all your owne, as nothing there
Stands lame, or forc'd, either to th' Eye, or Eare;
Nor yet enrich'd by others coſt, or paine,
But like *Minerva*, rais'd from your owne Braine;
I cannot chooſe but wonder how your Parts
Gain'd this perfection without Bookes, or Arts;

And I may thence conclude, that soules are sent
[illegible] Learn'd too and Eloquent
From [illegible] Sisters within, or safely tell
That all Invention's but *Remembring* well,
But why [illegible] I urge this, when You
Have gain'd those helps which learned men ne're knew,
And greater too than Theirs? your thoughts have reade
Men that are living Rules, whiles bookes are dead;
Y'have liv'd in Court, where wit and language flow,
Where Iudgements thrive, and where true mãners grow;
Where great and good are seene in their first springs,
The breasts of Princes, and the minds of Kings:
Where beauty shines cloath'd in her brightest rayes,
To gaine all loves, all wonder, and all spraise:
From whence you taught *Melintus* fires to move,
Pausanes too the Eloquence of Love;
What others thus to ruder precepts owe,
You by Examples, and best patternes know,
And teach us that a true and Native grace
(In spight of studied Rules and Arts) takes place.
When he who more precisly pennes, and drawes
His labour'd Scenes true by Dramatique Lawes,
May well transcribe those Rules perhaps, but then
The Whole runnes lame and rudely from his pen:
Bearing those tracts apparent to the view,
As shew the grosser lines by which he drew:
The thing it selfe thus Vex'd and his Braine too,
He gaines but This, To erre with much adoe.
Thus want of Nature betrayes Art, whiles he
That writes like You, that is secure, and Free,
Makes flights so undiscern'd so still his owne,
That those of towring Eagles are lesse knowne.
What though no verse, your Scenes and Acts divides
Numbers are Shackles to Great Wits, not Guides,
He that Scans ev'ry word, and so Confines
To Certaine Measur'd feete his well-pac'd lines

Enslaves

Enſlaves the Matter, which he ſhould Expreſſe,
And falſe to's Art, makes the Thing Serve its Dreſſe,
But you on purpoſe have theſe Rules declin'd,
Not truſting thoſe which Others Wits deſign'd,
Hence looke we on you, as on thoſe whoſe worth
Vnborrow'd firſt gave Sciences their Birth,
Men full of Native frame, like Patterne, ſhowne,
And following no example, but their owne,
When you invent, you're Free when Iudge, you're Cleare
Yet ſo that larger thoughts did never beare
True judgements off, nor judgements Rule ſuppeſſe,
Or draw downe thoughts from generous Mightineſſe:
Nor can we ſtrictly this invention call,
Or Iudgement that Both mixe, Both ſhew in all:
Thus, like two æmulous flames, they twiſt at laſt
In one bright Pyramide, whoſe luſtres caſt
Such undivided glories, that they raiſe,
A ſolemne Trophie unto eithers Praiſe.

H. Benet

INSIGNISSIMO
THOMÆ KILLIGRÆO,

Authoris ab ipso cultu & Dramatis Lectione

Natum Carmen.

Mihi me diremptum redde! Captivum Tuum,
Tuumq́ Naufragum: Tuum quicquid jubes,
Quemcunq́ fingis, nisi Poetam; & dum lego
Aliquem Poetam. Patere, hic ante abeat furor,
Audebo Carmen. Vndè quos specto dolos,
Salesq́ patior? vertor in Larvam & Metrum.
Non lege hâc Scenam specto, ut Persona redirem,
Parsq́ Comœdorum sim, Populiq́ Tui.

Hâc lege Populus vatibus se commodat,
Emitque curas; credulo gaudet metu
(Plorare quanquàm vilius possit domi)
Casus per omnes fabulæ fluctus sequi;
Et Ludiones induit cunctos. Viri
Extra Theatrum Scenici partes agunt;
Vestra viros mutat Laurus! Hunc Histrio, quem Plebs
Vultum habet; & spectans stat Tibi Turba Chorus.

Lassavit

Lassavis odia, & pari [illegible]
Plebs in Galippo. Castus [illegible]
Rapit Intuentes. Aliquis an Turbâ Procus
Distringat ensem, & [illegible] Iovi
Videone an [illegible] Numeros? [illegible] & [illegible]
Dant Histrioni: seq; vel Res exhibent:
Nunc numeros animare Tuos licet Histrio cesset;
Crede mihi vivunt verba, Moventq; seni.

Metuisse toties: Invocasse in opem Deum:
Deum at Poetam; nec semel Ludi Metus,
Totiesque falli, numerat hoc Laudes Tuas.
E Nube subitus fulgurat nigrâ Dies.
Pericula juvant: Ipsa succurrunt Mala.
Prodendo Tuta, & parta Naufragiis Salus.
Fallere quod nôrit, Tua visa est vivere Scena:
Fallere sed nôrit Tunc ubi Larva deest.

Ut ordinatus arbitro haud viso fluit
Temeraque Mundus lege disponit vices:
Rerumq; carmen sponte sub numeros cadit.
Sic fortuitus regnat in Socco Deus,
Ut in Orbe Numen: & latendo se probat
Res fluctuantes Machinis certis rotans.
Ars simulans Artem sic negligit omnia cultè
Excidere ut credam Carmina sponte Tibi.

Futura fata haud prævidet Lector sagax:
Primâque, spectat Exitum, sub Paginâ:
Saturvè surgit fabulâ quam finxerit,
Tuum & Poema scribit, & vates abit.
Hic Gordianus uincula abscondit Nodus:
Filumq; Labyrinthi arte se propriâ explicat.
Suni hæ Præstigiæ, sunt hæc Ænigmata quæ Tu
Dum latuere stupes, plus quoq; Nota probas.

Teretes

Teretes quotidiano ambulant Socco pedes.
Spectatur Ipse scripsit, & risit primus:
Perilesq; Lusus Author at Lector tulit.
Proprio, Cupido militat ensis Tuum
Sibiq; Pharetram præstat, & Iaculum sibi:
Ægreq; plausum cæteris debet suum.
Arte hâc Cecropiam superavit Avenea Divam
Fila quòd Hæc texit, fila sed Illa parit.

Rob. Waring.

TO

TO MY HONOVRD FRIEND Mr. THOMAS KILLIGREW, On theſe his Playes, the *PRISONERS* and *CLARACILLA*.

Worthy Sir,

MAnners, and Men, tranſcrib'd; Cuſtomes expreſs'd,
The Rules, and Lawes Dramatique not tranſgreſs'd;
The Points of Place, and Time, obſerv'd, and hit;
The Words to Things, and Things to Perſons fit;
The Perſons conſtant to Themſelves throughout;
The Machin turning free, not forc'd about;
As Wheeles by Wheeles, part mov'd, and urg'd by part;
And choyce Materials workt with choycer Art;
Thoſe, though at laſt begg'd from long ſweate & toyle,
Fruits of the Forge, the Anvil, and the File,
Snatch reverence from our Iudgements; and we doe
Admire thoſe Raptures with new Raptures too.
But you, whoſe thoughts are Extaſies; who know
No other Mold, but that you'le caſt it ſo;

Who

Who in an even web rich fancies twiſt,
Your ſelfe th' *Apollo*, to your ſelfe the Prieſt;
Whoſe firſt unvext conceptions do come forth, (worth;
Like Flowers with Kings Names, ſtampt with Native
By Art unpurchas'd make the ſame things thought
Far greater when begot, than when they're Taught.
So the Ingenuous fountaine clearer flowes
And yet no food beſides its owne ſpring knowes.
Others great gathering wits there are who like
Rude Scholers, ſteale this poſture from *Van-Dike*
That Hand, or eye from *Titian*, and doe than
Draw that a blemiſh was deſign'd a Man;
(As that which goes-in Spoyle and Theft, we ſee
For th' moſt part comes out Impropriety).
But here no ſmall ſtolne parcells ſlily lurke,
Nor are your Tablets ſuch Moſaique worke,
The web, and wooſe are both your owne, the peece
One, and no ſayling for the Art, or fleece,
All's from your Selfe, unchalleng'd All, All ſo,
That breathing Spices doe not freer flow.
No Thrifty ſpare, or Manage of diſpence,
But things hurld out with Gracefull Negligence,
A Generous Carriage of unvreſted Wit;
Expreſſions, like your Manners freely fit:
No Lines, that wracke the Reader with ſuch gueſſe,
That ſome interpret Oracles with leſſe.
Your Writings are all Chriſtall, ſuch as doe
Pleaſe Critickes palates without Critickes too:
You have not what diverts ſome Men from ſenſe,
Thoſe two Myſterious things, Greeke and Pretence:
And happily you vvant thoſe ſhadovves, vvhere
Their Abſence makes your Graces ſeeme more cleare.
Nor are you he, vvhoſe vovv vveares out a Quill
In vvriting to the Stage, and then ſits ſtill;
Or, as the Elephant breeds. (once in ten yeares,
And thoſe ten yeares but once) vvith labour beares

A sæcular play. But you goe on and show
Your veine is Rich, and full, and can still flow;
That this doth open, not exhaust your store.
And you can give yet two, and yet two more,
Those great eruptions of your beames doe say,
When others Sunnes are set, you'le have a Day.
And if Mens approbations be not Lot,
And my prophetiquet Bayes seduce me not,
Whiles he, who straines for swelling scenes, lyes dead
Or onely prays'd, you shall live prays'd, and read.
Thus, trusting to your selfe, you Raigne; and doe
Prescribe to others, because none to you.

Will. Cartwright.

INSIGNISSIMO

THOMÆ KILLIGRÆO, viro non Uno Ore Dicendo Geminos hosce Musæ Dramaticæ Labores.

sic gratulor -----

DIc O per omnes obsecro Te Deas,
Dic O per omnes obsecro Te Deos,
Quæ Te perunxit Gratiarum?
Quis Calamum dederit Cupido?
Per Claracillam fortiùs obsecro,
Per & Melintum, Mutua Nomina;
Perque hinc Sacros, perque inde Amores,
Perque Tuam rogo, perque Teipsum.
Tu Lyssimella, Vosque Piissimi
Pausanis Ignes dicite; pectorum
Pirata, Scenam Quantus, intrat!
Quamque Oculos Animosque vincit!

Cum

Cum Lysimellam consulo, Prima stat,
Cum Clarecillam, Prima stat Ipsaque:
Hac, Illa, vincit, Victa rursus
Ambiguâ similique Scenâ.

Cedit Melinti jam minor Ignibus
Pausanis Ardor: nocte jubar explicant
Pausanis Ignes invidendum
Invidiam merito Melinto.

Nescit Coronam cui tribuat magis
Nutante Lance Scepticus Arbiter:
Alterna vincunt, invicemque
Victima præripiunt favorem.

Felix Vtroque O Pignore stans Pater,
Cur talis Scena Justitiæ scis?
Quis tam sacratum par dedisti,
Jura trium rape Liberorum.

Famam Cothurni da mihi tertii,
Clamat Latinus: pollicitis reum
Non liberatura, in theatrum
Aula vocat, Populique pica.

Delphos procetur Pauperis Ingens
Morosus Hæres: tu sibi Numina
Non sua præstas, invocasque
Te, tripodas magis Efficaces.

Vexata jactet Mechanicus Labor,
Et Metra Musis cusa Fabrilibus:
Dum cum coacto Liberore
Dramaticum regis Author Orbem.

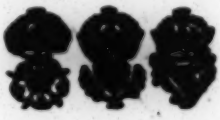
GUIL. CARTVVRIGHT.

THE PRISONERS.

A Tragæ-Comedy.

As it was Preſented at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by her Majeſties Servants.

Written by Tho. Killigrew. Gent.



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1640.

THE

PRISONERS.

A

Dramatis Pērſonæ.

King of ——
Theagines *judge of* Sardinia.
Memnon *the Prieſt, now the Hermit.*

Pauſanes, Hipparchus } *The priſoners, ſons to* { Memnon. Theagines.

Gillippus, *Captaine of the Pirates.*

Eumenes, Cleon. } *Two Nobles.*

Philon. *Kinſman to* Cecilio.
Zenon, *a Gentleman of* Lucanthes *party.*

Sorranes, Eugene } *Of the Kings party.*

Dion, Cremnofeild } *Two* Sardinian *Commanders.*

Procles *a common Souldier.*
Boteſwaine.
Foure ſlaves.

Women.

Cecilia, *ſiſter to the King.*
Lucanthe *Daughter to* Theagines.
Eucratia, *Daughter to* Memnon, *beloved of the King.*

The Scene *Sardinia.*

THE PRISONERS.

Actus Primus.

Enter King, Sortanes, Ennemes, and Cleon.

King.

ARe the Gallies come from *Rhodes*?

Em. Yes Sir, they ariv'd this evening

King. Then we're all in readinesse, and if the gods
Smile upon us, those proud sisters shall finde
They have puld downe fire by playing with my anger,
Pretend a vow to peace, and staine their bond by it,
Not to arme but in their owne defence,
Come, twas trecherous and since in our greatest danger
They could leave our friendship to that sudden ruine
That threatned us, they shall find now our vertues
Have wrought through, what enemies we can be
Whose friendship they have despised: and into their
Bosomes, Ile throw all the miseries of warre,
Whose single name was such a terrour to em,
Where's our sister?

Cle. She went this evening in her galley

To take the pyre.

Ki. When she returnes tell her I must speake with her
This night, and doe you heare *Eumenes*,
Let all things be in readinesse to put to sea,
With the morning tide, the winde stands faire still.

Eu. Yes Sir, the windes faire.

Ki. What said the Captaine of the Gally that you tooke,
Had they notice of our intent?

Eu. Yes sir, he sayes they had intelligence,
But they are so unprepared for war, that the
Knowledge was no advantage, they received it
As men stabd in their sleepe, that wake onely
To finde their dangers certaine.

Ki. Their falshoods have begot their feares, and now
Like cowards they fall upon their owne swords,
Eumenes, let the slaves be well fed to night. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cecillia, Philon, Eugene, and three Souldiers being chased a-shore by Pyrats.

Phi. Fly, Madam, save your selfe while we
With our faiths, make a stop, for know
Philon will lay his body a willing sacrifice
To intercept your danger.

Cecil. Oh *Philon*, which way shall we take? I know
Not where we are, why did you land here?
He durst not have pursued us to the harbour,
My brothers fleete now in readinesse to depart
Would have protected us.

Eu. This way the slave ran that went to call for aide.

A noise within, Follow, follow,

Phi. Harke Madam, we're pursude,
Tis now no time to talke, upon my life

It

It is *Gillippus*, and the bold Pirate I feare knowes
The value of the prize he hunts.

Within, Follow, follow,

Ceci. They come, take some other way and try
If you can divert their chase, whilst we
Take Covert in this wood. *Exeunt*

Enter Philon and his party, beaten in by Gillippus, Hiparcus, and Souldiers of their part.

Gil. Follow mates, for we have in chace
The wealth of Kingdomes, one whose maiden Mine
The gods would digge it, nor has her Virgin earth
Beene wounded yet for that precious metall,
But keepes her Indies still unconquer'd:
If we gaine her weele saile no more, nor steere
Uncertaine fates by a fix'd starre, nor pray
For faith, that we may hope a safety in the midst
Of the dangerous wonders of the deepe.
Hip. Slip not this opportunity, we know not how long
Fortune will court us, which path tooke she?
Gil. I know not, let us divide our selves. Ile take this *Exit. Gil.*

Enter Pausanes and meetes Hiparcus.

Pau. *Hyparcus* what glorious things were those
That fled us as if we durst hurt them?
Hy. Handsome women, man.
Pau. Were they but women?
Pau. stands with his eyes fixt upon the ground.
Hy. But women, no but women, what ayles thou?
Pau I am sure they are more then man, for I never saw
Any of that sex that made me tremble, yet

These

These did, and with a cold feare the memory
Dwells in my breast still.
Hy. Thunder-strucke by a woman; courage man.
Blacke eyes tho they lighten, yet they doe not use
To shrinke our hearts in the scabberd.
Pan. These doe not use to fight, doe they?
If they doe, by all our gods theyle conquer me.
Oh *Hiperion*, doe not mocke my misery, but tell me
Hast thou seene many such; such formes usuall
Amongst em? this has *Medusa's* power in that
Beautious forme, & I am changed to weeping Marble.
Hy. By this good day hees in love, could I be so
How happy might I be, for I have beene,
Pretty lucky in the sex, and could I have lov'd
All that I have layne with, what a share of Heaven
Should I have had, looke how he stands now,
Pan saues what dost meane, let fall thy weapon
When thou pursuest a wench.
Pan. A wench! whats that? I thought of none.
Hyp. The greater part, and the handsomest, and that
They are not the better part of women, is yet
To be disputed.
Pan How canst thou distinguish em? How dost thou
know a wench?
Hy. Severall wayes, but the best is by feeling em.
Pan. But that I know from rocking in the Cradle
It still has beene so, how should we two come to be
friends?
Theres such contrarieties even in our nature,
That both looking on one heavenly forme
We should from the same subject draw such
Different thoughts; whil'st I was Philosophying
Upon her diviner part, and preparing how to worship;
Thou wert e-ting to pollute her. But prethee tell me
In thy serious thoughts, were it not better to finde
Those beauties that adorne her, the cloathing

Of a perfect god, then ſuch a falling Image.
Hy. Faith in ſerious thoughts, which handſome women
Ought not to be mingled with, worſhips God,
But to be worſhipt better: but prethee
Put off this ſerious diſcourſe now, this is no time to talke
When we have the prey in chaſe. *Exit*
Pan. Fare thee well, but that I know thee ſtout,
Faithfull to thy friend, and one that ſpeakes
Worſe of himſelfe then any other dares,
Ide teare thee from my boſome, But when I know
This; and how ſtrictly thou wilt pay thy vowes
To honour, thou ſhalt dwell for ever here. *Exit*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gallippus, and Cecillia.

Gal. Y'are very faire, let that remoove your wonder,
Gallippus has ſurpriz'd her, and leads her in.
How we dare againe gaze upon that excellence,
She frownes.
Why doe you frowne? is it your Innocence,
Or your beauty, that you miſtruſt,
That thus you arme your ſelfe with anger to
Defend you, pray leave to be an enemy, you ſee
That could not protect you.
Cecil. No monſter, tis not to ſee thee play thy part
That troubles me, but to thinke that heaven
Failes in hers, thus to leave vertue without a guard,
Whilſt luſt and rapine grow ſtrong in miſchiefe,
As if the Innocent were created white
Onely to be fit to take the murtherers purple.
Gal. As ye have mercy, remoove that threatned danger,
That ruine in your curld brow, and injuſtice

Which

Which your anger cannot know, weigh my action
And croſſe ſute together, then call to minde
How ſeverely I was puniſht for a ſingle fault,
A fault that my love pleaded for, but did not excuſe:
And when you have found that blot in my ſtory,
If you are equall, you muſt confeſſe all my life
To that houre paid you an humble and a faithfull
Service, and had I not found your ſcorne
Would leave me to my Diſpaires, I had
Waited my fortunes, and not by force
Attempted to have gain'd my wiſhes, had you
Not bowed me that way, but tryed what
I could have ſuffer'd for you, not from you,
'Twould have ſtarted your ſoft ſoule to have
Seene me ſuffer, that would through a thouſand
Hazzards have courted your favour till I
Had ſilne your Martyr.

Cecil. Away, thy oylie tongue, nor bloody hand cannot prevaile,
Thy flattery and thy force, I am above both,
For love and his ſoft fire thou never feltſt it,
Nor knowſt that God, but by the name,
Thy falſe ſtoopings conclude thou canſt not worſhip,
That thus durſt againe by force attempt me,
That heart that truely loves, nobly ſuffers: and
Knowes that God of paſſions is to the longing ſoule,
Both the hunger and the food, and if his heaven
Be not reach'd with knees, their hands dare not,
Nay cannot, yet maiſt thou live to love, and me,
I wiſh it not to glory in, but to puniſh thee.

Gil. Are you ſo reſolv'd, then Ile kneele no more,
But frowning gather all thy ſweetes, begging
Lovers teach women a way to deny, which elſe
They durſt not know: A ſlave there —

Enter

Enter a slave, and Hipparchus.

Take to your charge, this faire folly, and
As your eyes looke to her, let not her face
Bindes her
Betray your faith; convey her to the Gally,
There my Empire will begin.
Cer. Think'st thou thy threates can fright, no I cannot
So much doubt the care of heaven, to think that power
Whose providence considers the fall of every little bird,
Will sleepe now, and o'resee the ruine of a Kingdome:
No monster I desie thee.
Gil. Away to the Gally, there
When we have got the bootie Ile meete you. *Exit.*
Hip. Tis a lovely forme, with what a scorne
She beares her fortune. !
Cecil. Sir I am but a stranger to you, yet if you
Durst disobey this bad man and give me freedome
I will not say I can reward such a benefit,
But I am certaine I can be gratefull:
Can you doe it?
Hip. If I durst be dishonest Madam I think I could.
Cecil. Dishonest? if it were not mine owne cause
I would dispute the act; but since 'tis,
Ile urge no more, for know I can with lesse
Paine be a prisoner then twice beg my freedome:
Obey him Sir.
They meet Pausanes.
Hip. With paine and blushes, Madam I shall.
Pau. Ha! tis she, and hourd.
Hiparcus whether dost thou hale that innocence.
Hip. Our Captaine deliverd her to me with command
To carry her to the Gally.
Pau. Hold *Hiparchus*;

At

At what price hast thou accepted this
Vnbecomming office? tis not like thy selfe:
The brave hunter doates not upon the quarrie,
Nor had *Hiparcus* wont to fight for spoile.
Hip. Nor does he now, nor ever shall
So faultie a conqueſt hang upon my name,
As to make me blush the victorie.
She was deliverd me by our Capeaine,
And she can witneſſe that to my faith he left
The securing her to the Gally. And
Pausanes knowes *Hiparcus* dares not breake
A truſt.
Pau. Thou miſtakeſt this ſervice, for to doe
This act is breaking truſt with heaven.
Thou break'ſt with the gods, thou breakſt with him
That gave thee credit for thy courage, and
Thine honour, and ſent thee forth their ſouldier
To fight for them, and this the day of battaile,
Here the vertue on whoſe ſide thou ought'ſt
To bleede, the innocent in whoſe cauſe they
Command thee die to live a Conqueror.
Now thou flyeſt, thou runneſt away,
Hiparcus flies meanly unvanquiſh'd,
As if by a pannick feare terrour-ſtrucke,
For he is beaten by a miſtake and conquers
His enemy while he loſes his fame at home.
Hip. Hold, what meanes *Pauſanes* thus
With injurious words to wound his friend?
Pau. I injure thee? I wound *Hiparcus*? I
Throw a ſcandall upon my friend? yee gods
Strangely puniſh *Pauſanes* when he does ſo.
Hip. What doe you leſſe when you upbraid me for
My faith, and with art of words labour,
To make me appeare faultie, as if you
Did not know the law by which we are bound
In not alike with free men:

We

We are his slaves, and for our loyaltie
Have beene rewarded with these priviledges
Above our fellowes, would'st have me kill
The cause of his bountie and in justice
For my treachery become active, and
Make this which was my fate my punishment,
I tell thee *Pausanes* I could not
Be free here should I doe this act.

He layes his hand upon his breast.

Cecil. Defend me yee powers from this youth, his honour
Brings greater dangers then the Traytors bonds:
Sir, pray plead no more for me.

Hip. offers to goe.

Pau. *Hiparcus* thou seest how tamely I have pleaded,
And in calmenesse urg'd my reasons: Once againe,
By our wounds and blood so oft together shed
That their mixtures, have in their fall begot
A kinde of kindred, by all our mistries
Which still have beene allied, by our friendship
I conjure thee give me her freedome.

Hip. I see thou hat'st me, else my reasons would
Prevaile, and thou would'st leave to presume
A prisoner before thy friend, and his faith given:
And therefore know though your friendship doe plead
When tis against mine honour I can be deafe.

Pau. Thou canst be any thing, and I can weepe
To finde it, yee gods, would I have us'd
Hiparcus thus, Oh heavens that ever I
Should call thee friend: *Hiparcus* stay, I have

Hip. offers to goe agen.

One argument left still; unbinde her
Or guard you.

Hip. *Pausanes.*

Pau. Your Sword.

Hip.

Hip. Heare me speake.
Pau. No words, her freedome or your sword.
Hip. *Pausanes* knowes I will not be beaten
Into an opinion, and since thou hast draune
Thy sword last I will not yeeld her; My honour
Forbids me, thou art injurious to thinke
Thy force can prevaile beyond thy reason,
I tell thee *Pausanes* thy anger, should not start me
If I could make thee an enemy.
Pau. Defend your selfe. *They fight and are both wounded.*
Hip. Will you yet give me leave — to be faithfull.
Pau. No, *Hiparem* hunts his will not his faith.
Here Hiparem gets Pausanes downe.
Cecil. As you have honour hold, and let a virgins
Teares that shall fall no Scar divide your anger
But till my prayers can reinstame your friendship.
They struggle.
Pau. Looke upon her teares and these wounds whose
Anguish thy friendship not thy Sword brings, and
Then weigh the act, I would thou hadst borne
Ten enemies rather than one friend
To have disputed this cause. *Hiparchus disarmes him.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Gillippus, Zenon and Souldiers.

Gill. Make all possible speede aboard with the bootie,
They pursue us close. Command *Hiparem*
And *Pausanes* ashore to guard us. Hah!
What meanes this, what makes she ashore?
Pau. That which thou canst not make aboard; she has made
An honest man, and if thou darst make another,

She

She may have two friends,

Gill. *Hiparcus* resolve this riddle.

Hip. This woman whom you gave to my trust
Pausanes would have released, and when
His arguments or friends could not prevaile,
Meanly he threw off his Faith, and by force
Attempted to take her from me.

Gill. Slave, did I for this preferre thee,
When at the sacke of *Tanis* thou becom'st
My slave, and by thy owne confession were
A thing without a name, and couldst neither
From men nor country claime a being a new
Thy treachery shall make thee as darke an exit
As thy base soule had entrance.

Pau. I scorne thy threatens from this death I shall
Begin to live, till now I lay wrapt in rest,
And the Canker fed upon my fame from this act
I shall adopt a name which till this minute
I despair'd of since that fatall day
In which old *Persius* fell, in whom onely liv'd
That knowledge we so bone for; And *Hiparcus*
If thou continuest thou'lt be asham'd to finde.
For the bounties thou urgest what were they
But making us a better kinde of slaves, commanded
Commanders impaling our free soules
So that we could employ but one vertue,
Our courage since we serv'd thee; and that
Has thrown us into dangers, honour would be
Asham'd to owne, and brought wounds that leave
Blushing scarres, this when *Hiparcus* has
Let fall his passion, will make him tremble
To finde he could not feare but bleede
For a Traytor,
And strucke against a virgins honour. And

Pau. turnes to Cecilia.

In his rage fould his friend to buy his will:

Then

Then, then *Hiparchus* those wounds thou now art
proud of
[illegible]ing upon thee with more dishonor
Than thy Chaines, For me I smile at this chance,
For though I have [illegible] my first freedome, y
I have found my last wounds.

Hip. Ha!

Gil. Villaine, hast thou not yet enough layd up
Thy treacherous soule, art not satisfied
To be false thy selfe that thus thou labour'st
To shake his try'd faith? *Hiparchus* kill him
Kill et'n his memory that the ingratefull slave
May fall like a dogge and leave no name behind him.

The slaves offer to kill him.

Yet hold, he shall not die so nobly, nor finde
Such mercy in his fall. *Hiparchus* strip the slave
And upon a tree stretch the Traytors body,
There let him hang alive, like the condemn'd
Fruit to the fruitlesse tree, damn'd thither
To live a death; and would count that murder
That threw'em their mercy if it would come
And breathe the snare.

Cecil. Bloody villaine!
Darst thou command this with a beleefe
Thou shouldst be obeyd, what is he that has
So much hell about him that dares execute
What thy bloody rage imposes.

Pan. Gentle soule plead not for *Pansanes*, nor
Grudge him this glorious end, for now I fall
What I could not have liv'd with him;
Honors servant,

Gil. Away with him and see it done, or by
The gods he pulls his fate downe that disputes it.

The slaves seize him.

Hip. He that trembles at death, let him dye
Tis just, hold Sir, witnesse my wounds I dare

Be

W[illegible]
The[illegible]
So f[illegible]
Thy fro[illegible]
To the [illegible]

Gall. [illegible]

Hip. No [illegible]
Nor comes mine honour so by fits; know though
I durst not [illegible] yet I dare disobey
Your impious commands, nor can you call
It treachery when to your face I disavow
It; frown not, for while I have mine old guide
Honor, there is no act brings so darke a hazard
But *Hip*[illegible] will [illegible] from it
Shall [illegible] through.

Ga[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] me? Draw
[illegible]

Gall. Zeno and the Slaves draw.

Villain [illegible] hath lost her tongue.
Yet her hands are left still; And those in wounds
Shall print on you wretched bodies my revenge.

Hip. There, defend thy selfe. Peace not Madam.

Hip. [illegible]

These are our enemies.

Paus. Now I have my wish.

Gall. At this rate take it.

Next Paus. [illegible]

Gall. [illegible]

[illegible] her before he
defend himselfe.

Pau.

[illegible]

Binde those and pursue the rest, [illegible]
Along with [illegible]

Actus secundus Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Cecilia, Philaster, [illegible] Hiparcus, Pausanes bound, and a Gaoler.

King. Vrge me no more, thy sufferance [illegible]
[illegible] they were [illegible] thought [illegible]
Them innocent.
[illegible] Cecilia, if they could have helpt
Tu [illegible] hence thou should'st have seene
Lust and pride flow really in 'em. Their feare
My sister made 'em fawne.
Away to the Oares with 'em.

Hip. Had we scap'd misfortunes till we met feares
[illegible] grave
[illegible] And to let thee see
We have no [illegible] his threatned misery
Shall not make us or feare or fawne on thee.

Paus.

Paus. Peace *Hiparcus*, let him see us dye e're touch an Oare.
Twill resolve him what we dare.
Cecil. Has my brother lost all his nature, then
I shall not wonder that I have lost the interest
Of a sister. Can you be a King, and have
Neither mercy nor justice? Farewell, hence forth
I may obey but n'ere approve the Act.

They offer to lead Hip. and Paus. off.

Hold *Sortanes*, looke upon their wounds, yee Gods!
Ought any thing that chance owns make men fall
So low, that we should esteeme 'em lesse then
Beasts, see they bleed still, canst thou leave 'em
Like dogges to licke those wounds, whose every drop
Of blood I can witnesse, fell a sacrifice
To honour, oh! tis a fault, a fault I feare
The gods will punish; as if men in misery
Had no soules, or slaves did not upwards looke.
Ki. Hold *Sortanes*, unbinde em, they are your Prisoners
Now; and as you please dispose of em.
Thinke not my nature cruell, or that I
Fround upon them, for Kings doe often so
Vpon the fault when they pitty the man,
Yet if I get the head of this Serpent, he
Shall finde our Iustice with its full weight,
But weele crush him.
Cecil. Now I kneele to you sir.
Ki. What meanes my sister? rise, my occasions
Give me leave onely to say farewell, till
My returne *Philon*, obey my sister
As my selfe.
Cecil. The gods blesse and guide the King.
Ki. *Sortanes*, command the officers aboard,

And

And give order the gallies be all loose
With the next tide. Exit
Cecil. Cosen *Philon*, pray let your care provide
For those men. Exit
Pau. Oh *Hipparcus*, I am lost ere I have found my selfe
And have fought for bonds, come my friend.
Hip. That title confirmes my life; for now I finde
My rage did not destroy my selfe, and through
Thy wounds let out thy friendship, with joy
I live to redeeme thy fault.
Pau. Oh *Hipparcus* this be my witnesse, thy friendship
Growes here, nor were thou faulty, nor doe I
Want an argument, thou hadst reason, and I had love
Whose power yet thou never felt'st, but when
Thou shalt finde he is undiscern'd got in,
And in this bosome displayes his fiery wings,
Then lite me withall that Light thou'lt finde
Thou art in the darke, and this stoope to the
Willing yoke, sighing for what thou wouldst not
Part with; these, these *Hipparcus* are the wounds
I feare, those the sword makes are remedies, and
If deepe enough, bring a certaine cure

Enter Philon.

Phi. This way Gentlemen.
Hip. We shall follow sir. Exeunt

Scena Secunda.

Enter Eucratia, Lucanthe, Dion, Gallippus, Cremonfield, Zenon.

Lu. Noble *Gallippus* thus to venture your selfe
And fortunes in our hazard is an ob[illegible]
We know not how to pay; for the [illegible]
You speake of, brings our certaine ruine

By treaty we not appease his fury.

Gal. Pray Madam from whence springs his anger?

Ex. Tis just you know the cause of this warre, our
Country blest beyond our neighbours, with a
Fruitfull peace, drew us into a consideration
How we became to be so happy, and
In the search, we found ambition
Had no dwelling here: For our customes
Admit no one man chiefe which kept all from
That sinne. For our government is here in
The hands of a Priest and Iudge, which are
Chosen by lot, not faction, and their power
During Life if they obey our lawes. One
Of which has begot this danger, for when
Our predecessors made their vow to peace;
A law was then enacted to prohibit
Our taking armes, but in our owne defence.

Lucan. This law the King credits not, for when we
Return'd it as the reason that forbad us,
Yeelding the ayde he then implored, he
Sayes we urged it but to hide our trecherie,
And concludes we assisted his enemy,
Because we refus'd him ayde; and now
Having labour'd through that storme, his rage
Bends this way.

Dion. And at a time when we
Have neither Armes nor councell to defend us,
Now Madam the punishments your fathers have
Cald downe pursue us, their counsell and your
Brothers swords, were aides which we shall finde best,
When to our despaires we feele the want.

Crem. Yet let us not quit our selves, when we must
Fall, the deerer we sell our lives the greater
Fame will waite us, nor have our men forgot
To fight, though we left to invade.

Gall. Spoke like a Souldier!

How is the Towne fortifyed toward the harbour.
Crem. Tis no regular fortification, twill stay a leape.
Gall. Madam, I beseech you remove your feares,
They are ill *Omens*, here speake courage,
You know not what miracles we may act.
The night comes on a pace, pray retire to
Your rest while *Cremonfield*, *Dion*, and my selfe
Goe set the watch and provide for the receite
Of these strangers that come thus rudely
Without inviting.
Eucr. Wee'le goe and joyne our strength of prayer
With your armes which I hope will protect us.
They faile to conquer them. *Exit.*
Gall. Ile but order my Gallies to joyne with yours,
And be ready ith' Harbour to board them
As they come straggling in, then Ile meete you
Vpon the guard.
Dion. *Eucratia* is the word to night, farewell.
Exit all but Gall.
Gall. Farewell shallow fooles, thinke ye *Gallippus*
Will sell his blood for aiery honour, no,
Tis revenge or the satisfying some other
Lust ingages me. Therefore Ile to my Gally,
And while this darke protects us, command
Zenon to launch from the harbour. And in
A little Creeke lye loose and undiscover'd
With his Gally; tis wisdome to secure
A Retreate, nor will I againe put my
Happinesse in the power of slaves whose trec'ery,
Wrack'd my soule and depriv'd me of the pleasures
I had promis'd to my selfe, in faire *Cecillia*.
But these have removed that paine, for he
That like me loves beauty, where ere he meetes
Owes his love, and when he enjoyes it
[illegible] is interest. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Tertia.

Enter Cecilia and Philen.

Cecil. Was the Fleet within sight of land
This morning?
Phi. Yes Madam they have lyung about the Ile
Of —— these foure dayes kept backe by
Contrary windes.
Cecil. When returnes the Gally that came from my
brother?
Phi. This tide he puts off.
Cecil. This opportunitie then will advance
My designe. Have you freed those prisoners
With a disguise?
Phi. Yes Madam.
Cecil. Harke whats that? a Lute! are they musicall?
Phi. Yes Madam one of 'em playes and sings.

A Song.

FOnd Pausanes let not thy love aspire
To hope of winning higher,
But let thy faith grow up under a cloud
Of being not allow'd.
And still persue thy love till she like well
To know it but thou not tell,
Next thy care must be she not perceive
Thou believ'st she has given leave,
Thy love and sufferings thou being humbly told
And not a sigh too bold:

Nor with a looke ſpeake or let a feare be proud
To be diſcern'd leaſt then love too loud.
Whilſt fairely thou then do'ſt thy love purſue
Pretending nothing due,
In time her heart may grow to wiſh thee well
Whether ſhe will or no,
By ſuch ſoft ſteps as theſe and ſlow degrees,
And ever on his knees,
Patiſanes ſtill ſhall approach his bliſſe,
But not come neare enough to miſſe;
But at a diſtance looke and love
And ſee her fayre above,
Yet not wiſh her deſcending to my ſenſe,
Or hope of meeting but my influence.

Cecil. Call him hither. *Exit Philon.*
Now *Cecillia* arme thy ſelfe
With reſolution, that thy ſex may not
Still be cald weake; nor thou yeeld to thy paſſion,
Leſt this god in a cloud deceive thee, and
Force thee with his yeeldings, he ſings his actions,
And acts his opinions, which makes him
A dangerous friend; hee's one that boldly dares,
Yet humbly loves; he ſtrucke his maſter, yet
Bow'd to me, and when his rage had filld
His eyes with fire, he ſighing turn'd, and looking
This way in languiſhing ſtreames quenche
Their riſing flames. O power of honour! that
Makes this ſo in him: And honour me! not
To returne his love, it ſtarts me! To finde
Honour pleaſe ſtill to confound our reaſon,
And puts us to our acts of faith; but ſee
They come, their hands wove in friendſhip.

Enter

Enter Hiparchus, and Pausanes, and Philon, like common Souldiers.

Paus. Doe thou speake while I collect my selfe
Yet doe not; why should I refuse
By my disorder to speak her power,
If she deserve my love, I'me certaine shee'le
Command my feare. Nor is it a dishonour
To shake here, tis not I tell *Hiparcus*
Tis not, these are valiant feares, and
Ile speake to her in what my heart thrust out,
For by my life, all that I have resolv'd of,
I have quite forgot.

Hip. But doe not rashly tempt her to a scorne.
Scorne? O no *Hiparchus*, if e're her softnesse
Hath felt loves power, she knowes his
Proper language is free prose. And their
Distractions wrap the powerfull'st truth
Bondage, verse tells us they are too much themselves,
Nor is he affected that can compose
His sufferings: See where she stands. *They kneele.*

Cecil. Rise, your freedome is the bounty of another
And the thankes not due to me, I sent for you
To tell you my brother is now upon
A designe for *Sardinia*, but has beene staid
By crosse winds so that you may overtake
Him (ere he lands) in a Gally, which this morning
Is bound for him, and in this disguise
By striking on his partie unknowne pay
His bounty.

Hip. Arme us Madam, and you shall heare
How deepe I'le plow, how thicke I'le sow their wounds
But I'le reape the honour; my mistake has
Lost me in striking against your vertue:
And now we are friends *Pausanes* and *Hiparcus*
Vndivided draw, I thinke we shall not

Easily be o'recome, for give me leave
To say we are not often conquered
But by our selves; And then though
Passions be victor, Hipercus triumphes.
Lau. We can be gratefull Madam, though not fortunate.
Cecil. That's my Q. pray let me be thankfull too,
Lest you thinke I can onely councell it:
Within this Cabinet I beleeve is in value

She fetches a Cabinet and offers it to Hipercus.

As much as my person would have yeelded
At a Mart, if it be lesse
Tis the modest opinion I ought to have
Of mine owne worth makes me faultie
In the summe, for any other consideration
Take this too.

She gives a Cabinet.

Hip. Tis just Madam that you throw this scorne
On me, for I confesse the fault lookt as
If I had fought for money: which opinion
My refusall now I hope will remove.
Cecil. Pray take it;
Why should you receive wounds for me?
Hip. I doe not let my selfe out to dangers,
Nor is it my trade to fight: wounds and blood
Are neither my daily labour nor the
Sweat of my brow; They are honours and pay
Themselves: If I have courage, tis a gift
The gods sent me freely, and as their blessing
Freely I'le dispence it.
Cecil. Your pardon Sir. I meant no injurious
Vpbraiding, for by my life I doe not thinke
You faultie; if you will not be
Rewarded, yet give me leave to supply your wants.
Hip. I kisse your Charitie.
Cecil. What to give him I know not, oh unequall

Law

Law that binder us women, and forces me to let
Him perish, because I know how to save him!
I must not stay, I know y'are friends and what
The one has is but the others store,
I wish you may be fortunate.
My last words, e're I know what you were.
Pan. O stay! unbind me ere you goe: And heare
My soule labour'd with admiration
Of your beauties, but since I was blest
With knowledge of your divinest part, all
Your acts from honour sprung have collected
Those sparkes your eyes kindled and th'are
B'owne to a flame here, here it burnes
And though this Altar (divinest) be built
Vpon the meanest earth, scorne it not, for
My offering shall be of the purest love,
And my sighes shall constant incense breath.
Cecil. What thou might'st have done I know not,
But I'm sure thou canst not now, thou hast layd
Too much: Go sight, sighs, for thou know'st not how
To love. Oh woman, woman, woman still!
Speakes aside.
Pan. Not love? What stranger then is this that's got
In here and wanders so to seeke; not love?
Tis he or Cowardise creps in, no third cause
Can beget the feares the tremblings, I
Labour with; Oh! teach me how to know him.
Cecil. That stranger when thou meet'st him at the eye
Thou wilt finde he is conceiv'd in fire and in
An instant growes to perfect forme!
Thence in fulnesse of time, he takes his birth
Into the heart which is his world, and there
If he prove a healthy love, he lives
In silence, the tongue has no part 'ith birth
Of gallant loves, nor are they long liv'd
That make their *Exits* that way, the true births

Of love know no delivery. But when they tooke
Their life through the eye, this is love: thine
A short liv'd passion, I feare.
(I feare) spoke aside.

Pan. My passions are no faults Madam, when
I master 'em, when we doe not serve them
We command admiration, or should I yeeld
To 'em, could any passion be unbecomming
That has so beautifull a cause as the
Faire *Cecilia*, who I feare has beene
Vs'd to such Hecatombs of hearts, that
My single one being but a slaves might well
Be scorned at your shrine, yet if you be
That power that my thoughts have worshipt,
Ye must confesse he that offers all, though
A begger, sacrifices equall to a King.
O turne not from me, but be like those Gods
She turnes away.
You bow to, which though they give and guard
Our flockes, yet accept a Lambe.

Cecil. Plead no more, if thou lov'st thou wilt preferre me,
Aside.
I must not, dare not understand, I am too much
A party to heare him pleade.

Pan. O doe not shew the severall wayes you have
To wound: May the fire for ever
Inhabite in those eyes, but doe not in frownes
Dart it this way.

Cecil. Begon then. And consider what thou sueft for,
A slave by his passion crowned, and
A Princesse by her inthron'd.

Pan. Doe but beleeve I love tis all I begge,
Strike me heaven, if I have so faultie a wish
As to attempt the unshrining such a power
Or would live to see your beautie fall
From this vast nationall ador'd condition,

To make them my petty houshold god,
O say! Doe you beleeve I love?
Cecil. Yes, yes, I beleeve and feare.
Pau. O continue that friendly faith;
I'le at a distance kneele, for tis a wealth

Here be reverences and kneeles.

Ile pray for, fight to keepe, and weepe
To part with: and if that way of obtayning
That way of keeping, and this sense of losse
Ask'd with a whole heart, and with a whole
Heart defended, but parted from with a broken one,
Can confirme it all joyes.

She in passion interrupts him and in disdaine speakes and leaves him.

Cecil. Peace, be gone. *Cecilia* collect thy selfe
For thou art lost. O yee gods
Would yee had given more, or that I had knowne
Lesse of Honour.

Pausanes starts againe.

Pau. *Hyparchus* my friend I finde my misery,
And conjure thee that if thou outlive us,
Steale some of my ashes into her urne, that
In our earth being become equall
We may become one.

Exit.

Hip. This is strange, yet tis the best kinde of anger,
And the storme is to friend, if I can judge a woman.

Exit.

Actus Tertius. Scena prima.

Alarum.

Enter the King and Eumenes, Sertanes, Cleon, Pausanes and Hiparcus with their swords drawne.

King. EUmenes now the Souldiers are landed
Let 'em be drawne into Battalia,
Wee'le charge this instant and not give 'em leave
On land to collect their losse at Sea.
Eum. They were *Gallippus* his Gallies that boarded us,
Yet I saw not the *Pluto* there,
Her beaten prow had scene with earliest
To bath in blood her *Proserpine.*
King. That injury hath brought
Some fewell to my rage, to see they have giv'n
Harbour to that traytour that twice has attempted
The rape of my sister, and in advowance
Of his fault in his Prow he weares
The hellish president for that blacke deed.
Eum. Loose no time then, but while th'are scattered
With their dangers and their feares strike for us
Let us bring that justice their treacheries have cald downe.
King. Away every man to his charge.
Exit all but Hiparchus and Pausanes.
Paus. O *Hyparchus* they joy to finde *Gallippus.*
Have dispersed all my sad thoughts,
Yee powers that rule our Fates, If *Pausanes* have
Any of you to friend, give me *Gallippus*
This day within my Swords reach.
Alarum.

Hip.

Hip. So, now my friend speakes like himselfe, and when,
Thou strik'st not at thy selfe thou stands safe
Harke we must away. *Alarum.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gallippus, Eucratia, Lucanthe, Dion and Cremnefield.

Gal. This is no time to talke, they have begirt
The towne, and will instantly attempt
To storme it, the mediate danger calls for resistance
Not Councell; *Dion* goe you to the gate
That's next the Harbour. *Cremnefield* take the guard,
Of the Princesses persons, I'le to that part
Against which the Kings standard is advanc'd
If we must fall, let us not goe out faintly.
Eucra. and Lucan. The Gods protect us.

Scena Tertia.

Pausanes and Hipparchus enter, Pausanes wounded.

Paus. T'was he, he fled and left me to the multitude.
O *Hipparchus* pursue the chase, and if
Thou overtake him thou wilt finde
The coward imboss'd with running from me
If thou canst set him up, bay him till I come,
And as thou lovest me let me not loose
The honour of his fall.
Hip. Are you sure hee's this way?
Pau. Yes, yes, I am certaine. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Enter Gallippus alone.

Th'ave forc't the towne, and ther's no hope
Of safetie left, unlesse I can recover
My Gally, Heaven! I thinke I am accurs'd of late
I have nothing but unprofitable wounds;
Hah! Lucanthe the Princesse as I could wish

Enter Lucanthe and Zenon.

Yet if Fortune would smile here is a prize
Will heale all my unluckie woundes.
Lucan. O *Gallippus* we're lost, our loves,
Our honours and our gods subject to the rage
Of the common Souldiers.
Gal. Yet if you'le follow me, and we can gaine
Through the Port, I have a Gally shall secure you.
Luca. O guide me, which way *Gallippus*.
Come *Zenon* follow, for ther's no abiding here,
Hell I thinke on their parties fight: For
T'was nothing lesse then a Devill that forc'd,
And then pursued me through our guards, by day
It selfe he strake her sure, as if he had beene
That fate he brought, my flight could scarce outstrip
His Conquest.

Alarum within, follow, follow.

Zen. They pursue us still, away loose no time.

Exeunt omnes.

Scena Quinta.

Enter King and Eumenes.

King. This way, this way *Eumenes*, the noble Reapers
Went, sure by this their Sickles are dul'd and their hands
Weary with griping such full victory:
When the world was given, they
Charg'd through their fellowes, and like lightning scaled
And leapt the wall, where entred, Coward loose
Not faster then they gaine ground: I was amaz'd
To see their charge, 'twas as if they had fled,
Not fought for conquest.

Eum. They are not clothed Proper for the parts
They act, either their honour or their condition
Is misplac'd.

King. If they survive the day inquire them out,
And then when we can reward wee'le admire,
Now wee'le assist the worke.

As the King and Eumenes go off they meete Lacanthe, Gallippus and Zeuxo.

Gal. Hah! the King, fly Madam, hast to my Gally.
Save your selfe.

King. Thou shalt not long impeach my stay,
Do you stare?

The King and Gallippus fight and Eumenes and Zeuxo, Gallippus wounded Zeuxo, quits the Stage, Eumenes pursues him, then Gallip. throwes his Sword at the King, & counterfeits and falls, then the King leaves him and pursues Lacanthe.

Gal. Hell take thee:

Exeunt

Enter Zenon and Eumenes.

Eum. What have you at length found daring
To looke upon the dangers? is the dead doing *Zenon*
So fam'd for his bold deeds? (not
Zen. Yes *Eumenes*, *Pelius* dares though *Zenon* durst
Does the name of *Pelius* start thee?
Know false man thy dayings cannot protect thee
From the justice this brings, the injuries
Thou didst me during the treatie here, when
Thou sought'st ayde for thy ambitious master.
Eum. What act of mine during that time were you
Concern'd in?
Zen. Hast thou forgot the faire *Zenowie*,
Me thinkes the halfe I borrow for my disguise
From that name should prompt thy soule
To a remembrance of the vowes, the false vowes
Thou mad'st her.
Eum. False vowes!
Zen. Yes boasting her the conquest of thy vanitie
When with thy perjur'd breath thou begd'st for that
Thou valud'st not meerely to affront my passion
Which pursued her with all those truthes of love
Thou fainedst, yet never reaps a harvest
For all my paines, but this is not the injury
That wakes my anger; 'tis thy scorne
Not thy love of her ingages me, to thinke
It should be in any mans power to scorne
What I sacrifice to.
Eum. How doe you know I scorne her.
Zen. Say thou dost not, say thou wilt returne
And pay those vowes of love, by all our Gods
I'le kneele to thee, for if thou'lt love again
Although my Rivall, her love shall guard thee,
And from henceforth thou shalt be my friend, but

If

If thou proceed thus to triumph in her miſeries
Whoſe paines I feele, though ſhe be inſenſible
Of mine, thou ſhalt finde though I cannot
Intreat her love, yet I can force revenge
From her darke caves.
What does *Pelias* ſee about *Eumenes*.

Eum. That ſhe ſhould take him for a foole or coward
That he ſhould hope I would truſt a Rivall
Or feare an enemy;
And now I know the reaſon of thy hate
If thou ſhould'ſt ſweare thou art my friend,
I'de tell thee thou lyeſt, if my enemy; why?
I doe not care.

Zen. Do'ſt ſlight my profer'd friendſhip, doe yee beleeve
This language?

They fight.

Eum. I underſtand it, and you
Shall finde it by the anſwer I'le make.

Eumenes wounded and falls.

Zen. This Ring was hers, and ſhall witneſſe I have
Puniſh'd thy falſehood. *Gallippus* wounded!

Enter Gallippus.

Gall Yes *Zenon*, but not ſlaine; and yet the King ſtrook
Home, I found 'twas folly to reſiſt his force
Vnleſſe I could have conquer'd his whole Army,
And therefore wiſely I preſerved my ſelfe
For better dayes:
Saw'ſt thou the Princeſſe *Lucinthe* ſince?

Zen. Yes ſhee's fled towards the weſt Port.

Gall. Purſue her gentle *Zenon*, and if thou find'ſt her
Tell her of my eſcape, ſay yee left me
Aboard the Gally: And if ſhe be ignorant
Of her abode tell her ſiſter *Eucratia*
Is with me, whom negligent of her owne danger

Impatiently

Impatiently expects her comming to the Gally,
Whether I'le goe and waite your comming.

Exit.

Zen. Yet I'le goe, but not t'assist thy trechery,
Yet I'le bring her if I can, she has an interest
In *Zenobia*, and if I can thus bring
Her into dangers, my protection
Of her honour shall indeere me to her;
And so ingage her my friend to *Zenobia*,
The thoughts of whom my soule will ever labour with.

Enter Pausanes and Procles having both hold on Eucratia.

Paus. Vnhand her.

Pro. Shee's my prisoner, and I will not loose her.

Paus. Dar'st thou be a Souldier and speake that falsehood.

Proc. I first seiz'd her and I'le keepe her.

Paus. Had thine age beene able to have kept
Flight with me, thou shouldst have seene me hunt her
Through the straights of a thousand wounds, and more
Downe all the weeds that grow about her, yet then,
Then this Lawrell protected by her vertue, stood
Safe in the midst of all that lightning. And
Let me tell thee, the same cause that kept
Me from laying rude hands upon her, makes me
Spare thee, 'Twas a reverence which in some measure
Silver haire commands.

Proc. I defie thee and thy naked chin;
Talker, this plead for me, nor shalt thou finde
A gray coward here; binde her and then wee'le
Dispute whose she is.

Paus. Binde her? looke upon her and tell me
Ca which part of that divine forme thou durst hang

A Chaine?

Proc. I'le diſpute no more, unhand her ſhee's my priſoner

Or but earth.

Pau. Remove from her breaſt that threatned danger

Or by our gods thou art earth.

Proc. Think'ſt thou *Procles* will quit his aged honors

For feare of thee, a boy? proud in his firſt wounds?

Pau. Boy, nay then defend thee.

They fight.

Eucr. To what fate I am reſerv'd I know not;

But if I can I'le ſhunne this.

Exit. Eucratia flies, Pauſanes diſarmes Procles.

Pauſ. Shee's gone,

Ther's ſomething whiſper'd to me protect her,

I'le follow her, there, take thy ſword, I will not

Throwes him his ſword.

Rob thy age in thy fall. *Exit.*

Proc. I thanke thee, and may thine

Be no leſſe fortunate than this has beene;

And thou buy thy honors at a chaper rate.

Enter Pauſanes hanging about Hiparcus necke wounded and fainting.

Pauſ. Had I liv'd to have finiſh't my revenge

On that Traitor *Gallippus*, and from his boſome torne

The knowledge of our ſelves, which in a golden relique

The Tyrant weares about his necke, and ſtill

With threatned loſſe would awe us to our faith,

Then *Hiparcus* I could have dyed in peace.

Hip. Whether did you goe to finde theſe wounds?

Pau. In purſuite of the faire *Eucratia*, I followed her

Through all her miſeries, but not with intent

To

To adde to them, but to guard her from
The raging lust of the common Souldier, till at length
Some of her party met us, and to them
I ow'd these wounds.

Hip. This disorderly possessing the Towne will ruine us,
The wounds we receiv'd since the Conquest are more
Then we got ith' attempt, the Cowards feares
Have in their despaire strooke deeper wounds
Then their courage knew how to deale.

Pan. I have lost much blood, prethee bind up my wounds:
What are those?

Enter Zenon, and Lucanthe.

Zen. This way Madam.

Luc. O Zenon hast, I know not which I fly to
With greater zeale, my sister or my safetie,
Is it faire?

Zen. If you can passe the port, we are safe, hah!

Hip. Stand, the word.

Zen. Death! if thou refuse us passage.

Lucan. Or a Virgins prayers for ever, if thou dar'st
Let my innocence escape this ruine,
O speake, death and dishonor pursue us close:
O speake Sir.

Hiparchus is surpriz'd with Lucanthes beautie, and stands amaz'd.

Hip. Passe? Yes faire one, I dare let you passe
And through all hazards serve you. O *Pansaver*,

Speakes aside to Pansavers.

Live to counsell me, something like thy description
I feele here.

Zen. Shall we passe or no?

Hip. Smooth your brow, your frownes will make no way here.

Zenon offers to draw.

Zen.

Zen. My Sword ſhall then.

Hip. No *Zenon* thou know'ſt it never could.
When *Hyperens* denyed thee paſſage.

Zen. Hah! *Hiperens*?

Hip. Yes *Zenon Hiperens*, who to let this Lady ſee
How much he dares in her cauſe, he will not onely
Give her a paſſage, but with it all his peace
Of minde: And doe thou thanke heaven for this
Sanctuary.
For were it not that thou haſt taken hold
On that Altar, the murder of *Hamenes* here I would
Have puniſh'd, but ſuch is the power
Of that Deity, that I can differ
My hate, nay forgive thee, if thee'le confeſſe
Thy ſword or faith hath ſacrificed ought
To her deliverance.

Luc. He has; and he, onely can guide me
To hope of ſafetie; Gentle youth the gods
Reward thee; Harke! I'me purſued, if thou haſt power

Within follow, follow, &c.

Divert their rage.

Hip. Your name, leave but that to call upon in my
danger.
And then I'le plant my ſelfe here, an enemy
To all that dare purſue your ſofeneſſe, O doe not hide
It from me, and leave me ſo bow
To a power I know not.

Luc. *Lucanthe* the unfortunate, gentle youth
May all thy wiſhes fall upon thy head:
Away *Zenon*.

Exit Lucanthe and Zenon.

Pan. Now *Hiperens* had I reaſon once?

Hip. *Lucanthe*? the Princeſſe *Lucanthe* is it not?

Enter the King.

King. Yes Souldier, *Lucanthe*, the Princeſſe *Lucanthe*,
Which way went ſhe?

Hip.

Hip. This way she went, but I must beg
You'le not pursue her.
King. These are the Souldiers I so much admir'd.
Is it your ignorance, or doe you wilfully
Strike at the reward your daring youth
Has this day merited.
Hip. If we are faultie tis wilfully, but this act
We hope ownes no guilt.
King. It is not a fault thus to blot this conquest
Whose greatest beauties are gifts of your owne hands?
Hip. My soule has vowed, I see it written yonder
Not to suffer any one to passe this way
While my sword and I can impeach their stay.
Pau. And I though weake in body am strong in friendship
Paulawes offers to rise but cannot
And my friends vowes shall ever be my cause.
Hip. You see our resolution Sir, and we dare dye.
King. And I dare fight and thus force my passage.
The King charges, Hipar. onely defends.
Hip. O hold Sir and heare me speake.
King. Shall I passe?
Hip. Your selfe can witnesse what faith I brought
To your cause, my charge usher'd pale death
About the field; And when I found him lazie
And waiting upon fate, I leapt from his leane side
And with my sword dealt more deaths then he.
King. Pursue the act:
And let me hunt this scornefull Lady till
With miseries I have made her wilde heart tame,
The conquest will be perfect then.
Hip. All's done and fought to conquest: And cowards onely
Strike afterwards, A foe that flies
Is your slave, and no longer deserves

The honord name of enemie.

King. Shall I passe?

Hip. Tis slaughter you pursue, and will staine
All those honor'd wounds your conquest gilt,
But for this Princesse whose vertue I bow to,
O Sir can you be so blinded with your rage
As to avow a warre with her.

Kin. Leave to Counsell & obey: Mercy and Iustice
Are specious shewes, but to obey
Is your best sacrifice, which if thou offer'st not
By mine anger I'le offer thee.

Hip. Obey? yes, the Gods I'le obey, and strike
Against all that strike at them; know you command
A freeman, one that chose your party, and none
Of that number that was borne under you;
And I beseech you Sir attempt not your passage
Here, for I must not so betray her safetie
As to defend our cause weakely.

King. Are you so resolute?
O *Hiperens* dye like thy selfe, thou hast
A brave rocke before thee, and in that kingly marble
Digge thy grave; O for strength enough to part 'um!

Enter Eucratia. (*They fight.*

Euc. This by his habit should be a Commander;

Eucratia pursued by the Kings party, layes hold on the Kings sword, and yeelds her self prisoner; who amazed, in passion speakes.

To him (since I must feele the misery of bonds)
I'le yeeld my selfe, defend me Sir, I am
Your prisoner, my name *Eucratia.*

King. Hold your swords, he that adds another stroke
To warre, shall feele the weight of this!

Hip. Blest chance!
Eucratia! are you *Eucratia*?

Euc. Yes and a Prince, till thy ambitious king-

Hunte

Hunted me to my ruine.

King. O *Lucretia!* Soule of sweetnesse!
That wretched King set prostrate at thy feete,
And if thou can'st not pardon, tread upon
My necke; And let thy vertues sinke me to a grave
Ther's something divine about thee; which in an instant
Has from my temples torne the lawrell reward
Of my yet bleeding wounds, And from a conquering King
Made me all thy slave; Command me something.

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. Helpe Sir to save the Princesse *Lucanthe*
That's lost, sold to lust and rape
If you not redeeme her straight.

Luc. Vnfortunate *Lucanthe!* I foresaw this danger
Sad Fate! O my Sister.

Hip. Lucanthe, which way went the ravisher?
O Sir your pardon!

Soul. I saw *Gallippus* i'th *Pluto* beare her from shore.

King. Gallippus? tis false, madam remove your feares,
My selfe slew him in the Battell.

Hip. O Sir he has abus'd you by some wile, for on my life
I saw him since your encounter.

Soul Let me dye if this be false.

Luc. O Sir, now I claime your offer, and beg, not command,
You will compleat your conquest and pursue
This Ravisher.

King. Souldier thy faith in her cause
Has beene already tride, doe thou provide
One of the swiftest *Gallies* for this expedition.
Come Madam, wee'le all goe to save this innocent,

Helpe

Helpe this wounded youth aboard, and see he want
For no care, such vertue shines not every where.
Euc. Sir his courage has obliged me, and he
Shall be my care, he found me when I was
Falne into the rage of the common people.
I kisse your hands Madam, and tis happinesse.
Paus. Enough that I have liv'd to serve
Such a vertue as is seated
In the faire *Eucratia*.
Command a cessation from armes, and let all acts
Of warre here cease, for the faire *Eucratia*
Now is Conqueror.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Cecilla, and Philon, Lissemella in a boyes habit.

Cic. VRge not his condition, I must not so mistrust
The Iustice of those powers I bow to,
As to feare they would leave me to such a scorne,
A common slave; No *Philon*, if there were not chance
In his condition their tongues would have doubled
Vnder such a load as love; a slaves heart would
Have had too many hungry wants upon it
To have found leisure to have beg'd love.
Phil. This under favour is no argument
And though I feare a want in their blood, yet
I beleeve they have wit enough and their craft
Perhaps tooke hold of some pitty which you shew'd
[illegible]um;
For (as a friend) Madam your mercies were
Even to weakenesse; And but that I feare

To

To displease you, I could say, he but returnes love;
This will move: And as my faith and dutie
Aside, he kneeles.
Thus low bowes, so my honour bids me
Defend you, especially when you have
So dangerous an enemy as your passion
To engage my faith against: Looke but upon
Your habit, and examine the nature
Of this act, and you shall finde you walke
Blinded, to your honours ruine, have you not throwne
Off your Sex, and the honour of a Queene
And now appeard cloath'd in blushes, and disguis'd
With faults, but this were nothing if my feares
Were false, which tells me this habite is lyn'd
With as faulty resolutions, nor can you
Condemne those that know you not, if the conclude
You have with your sex throwne off your modestie.

Cecil I'me lost for ever.

She lies downe.

Phil. No Madam if you stay you are safer, for
This attempt, and have found your errour,
I confesse to this journey I carry nothing
But obedience, had you fled to meete
A plighted faith, through darkest hazards
I would have waited on you, but when you flye
To follow one you know not, a slave too,
Perhaps flies from you: Nay, grant him a Prince,
Can your honours be safe when you pursue?
Oh Madam! when you were your selfe and from
Your reason collected truth, and upon that rocke
Would in arguments give law to love: I have heard
Your powerfull reasons conclude,
That a Queene is safer that is pursued
By a slave, if he keepe the path of love;
Then the greatest monarch of the earth could be,
Should she pursue a God; And upon

My

My knees I begge you wo'not at this rate
Reward the ambition of the wretch.
Cicil. Oh *Philen* Thou art cruelly faithfull
And unſenſible of my ſufferings, thoud'ſt drinke
Ambition:
Why ſay he have but that Gyant fault
Yet 'tis a glorious ſinne, and without it
Not one 'mongſt all the Synods of the gods
Had fil'd his ſeate: And twas their feare that made
It ſinne: In loves religion, tis meritorious
Still to aſpire a Miſtreſſe, and that love
That gives, but will not take no lawes, has cal'd it
Gentleneſſe, not ſavage nature, for a ſervant
To leape even at the heart of his Miſtreſſe:
But thus much I'le ſatisfie thy faith
By the honour of my mother aſhes
He woo'd firſt, and in ſuch words
As my reſolution onely could deny;
And for his nature, how ſtout, how gentle,
How full of honour? Judge thou, that wert witneſſe
Of his acts.
Phil. Madam, I ſee you are reſolv'd, and then
I know you will not want an Argument;
Now I know not whether twere a bleſſing
Or no, their protection brought ſince you
Beleeve they love.
Cecil. If thou turne away, I'le bluſh,
He lookes away.
And tell thee why I beleeve our loves;
His friendſhip could not divide him from me
Thou ſaw'ſt it made his vertues faultie paſſions
Searching with bluſhing wounds an enemy
In his friends breaſt. Oh my Coſen, when
I thinke on this; I call to minde
How for my freedome, he ſtood as if
Hee'd beene immortall, and intending onely to

Let the false *Gallippus* wound his stout breast;
Which when he will defend none save the Thunderer
Or a friend can hit. Oh *Philon, Philon!*
When I consider these miracles, why should I be
So wicked, as to conclude him lesse then a God
That acts 'um? And now take thou a secret
From me, for I will satisfie thee
Even with a faultie act, which may looke
Like vanity; turne thy face and heare me:
I know my Cozen is full of honour, And
I know with all that honour he loves me.
This confession I would have dyed e're (thee
It should have beene forc't from me; but to conclude
For it makes thee a partie here, and thy love
As unfit to give counsell as mine uncapable
To take it: And now I conjure thee
Follow and Obey mee, that will Obey my Fate.
Nor shall the winds that begin in stormes,

Storme.

To pleade against me prevaile: I'me resolv'd
And this night I'le to Sea, and in her greatest depth
Dive to finde that rich pearle, which the wise value
Not the lesse, for having a rugged shell.

Phil. Oh Madam, to be borne your kinsman was
One blessing, but to finde to have a friends place
In your thoughts two; And that you know I love,
And I not tell it, is a joy beyond
All but what your love brings, forgive me and
Henceforth I'le obey, not counsell. Your Galley
Shall instantly be ready: Thus I have gain'd
All my ends in love by having no unworthy one's
Vpon her.

Exit.

Cle. O Love doe thou prosper my intent
And a Virgin shall thy Priest become
And these great truthes in all thy Temple, seene

Hy

Now in thy infant hand thou grip'ſt a bow
Larger than *Iove's*; and when thou thy darts lets flye
Immortalitie is no guard, but oft they have
Through his lightning ſhot and ſtroke the thunderer
Thy religion's eaſie, thy law light:
For thy tables hold but one act, one Commandment,
Obey, we cannot miſſe the way, let none
Then ſay, this youthfull God or cruell is
Or blind, ſure from diſobedience growes
All the ſtrayes, croſſes, dangers that we finde.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Hermit and his Sonne with the body of an old man.

Her. Gently ſonne lay him downe, bow him forward
Storme.
More of thoſe waters, he ſtirrs, ſo, ſo,
Chaſe him ſtill while I dry his ſnow, which the Sea
Could not melt, 'tis he, ſtrange accident!
But Ile not be diſcover'd yet.

Sonne. He ſighes, there's ſome comfort in that:

Her. Sad condition for thy age, when tis a joy
To heare thee ſigh.

Sonne. Good heaven: what does age abroad
At this time of his life?

Herm. Sure he has wandred farre that has miſt
A reſting place in his evening, and to be pitied
When it's forc'd to ſeeke his Inne thus late
At night.

Sonne. Sure he was of ſome religious order
By his habite?

Herm. No matter for his habit, pull it off
And fetch him my gray coate,
Dry now is better then rich.

Sonne. Which opinion if he had held, perhaps
His had beene dry now.

Herm. Good heaven what a night's here, the Evening
Promis'd dangers, but not like this: Sure this Barke
Was one of that fleet that we saw off the point
Last night, if we can recall life,
He may informe us who they were.

He stirres

Son. He stirres and sighes still.

Iudg. Wretched, wretched *Theogines*, what mercy
Is this that at length has found thee?
Was my selfe onely saved of this wracke?

Her. All else perish'd.

Iudg. Oh that I had mist this charity too
My friend aged *Persius* my brother
Brave *Memnon* and my sonne the hopefull;
All these my former losses have rob'd me of
My griefe, which else these poore men
Would have required of me. Oh equall heaven
Thy abus'd Oracle and breach of vowes
Thou now but begin'st to punish.
Father by thy habit thou art vow'd
Vnto the Gods, if then like me thou'lt not
Be punish't for perjury, againe deliver me
To the doome they appointed, and
In the watery wombe of the Sea
Intombe me.

Her. Oh Sir, despaire not; they appoint us better
Then we can choose, and in our greatest distrust
Surprise us with their mercies.

Iudg. Heare but what I am and thou'lt be affraid
To harbour me: for where e're I goe
Their vengeance pursue me
My name *Theogines* the Iudge.
Blest with all that men call happinesse,
Children wealth and power, to save or destroy
Where I liv'd: And though our state forbad

Kings, all but the name I poſſeſt, my brother
They have puniſh'd raign'd chiefe Prieſt.
As I rul'd Iudge equall in our birth's,
Equall in our bleſſings, in our power equall
And in our faults too alike guilty, But
Not alike puniſh'd, for he I feare
Is loſt for ever : But the fault which now
They are buſie in puniſhing is this, 'twas
By our predeceſſours enjoyned as
A gratefull offering to peace, under whoſe protection
We found ſuch benefits, As all our neighbour countries
Wanted ; That it ſhould not be lawfull
For any to take up Armes but in their owne defence
Nor any upon paine of perpetuall baniſhment
Send their Sonnes abroad, leſt they might bring
Home, the dang'rous cuſtomes of other countries.
This Law was made and vowes with it
Of the ſtricteſt eyes : This vow we vow'd
And to this law with oathes were bound.

Herm. What danger could that bring you ?

Iudg. O Father, this Law we broke and the curſe
Of this vow purſues us, we know we had
Each of us a ſonne and daughter, which bleſſings
Made us covetous to have our ſonnes ſucceede
Vs in our honors, and therefore thought to breed
'Vm abroad, where they might learne to rule.
Thus by ambition blinded he abus'd
The Oracle, and told the people 'twas
The will of the gods our ſonnes ſhould be ſent
Abroad, and I affirmed if they commanded
The law aſſented. Then to the charge of
A faithfull friend we gave our children
(Who were ſo young they knew not themſelves
What they were) with a command to breed 'them
Fit to be Princes : But neither to the world
Nor to themſelves diſcover that they were ſo.

Long this fault lay not hid, for the abus'd Oracle
Vnask'd complaines, and to the incens'd people
Tells our falſehood: By them we were baniſh'd
Never to returne, which was ſome mercy,
But alas! Fate was juſter then the people
For our ſonnes are loſt, my friend dyed and
My brother in our pilgrimage by a ſtrange accident
Divided from me.
Now ought I to hope for mercy, or wiſh
To outlive their loſſes?

Herm. Yee are not ſecur'd yet that theſe are loſſes
Nor ha's any aſſured you they are dead,
Therefore deferre this ſadneſſe, and let me
Lead thee into my Cabbin.

Iudg. O let me leane upon thy aged ſhoulder
For I have load will ſinke me.

Herm. Doe:
Sad time the while when I can be a ſtay
To a Princes Sonne, make a fire upon the ſhore
He makes a fire upon the Stage.
That if any wretch unfortunate be caſt
Vpon this lone place they may ſee it, and
Repaire hither, 'twill be ſome comfort
To finde we have charitie. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter three ſlaves. *Storme*

Slaves. The Gods protect us and with all this judgement.

Enter Gallippus.

Gall. Hence yee dogges leave your howlings, death!
Have we liv'd as if we hop'd for mercy, or
Expected protection from our prayers, be gone
And endeavour: Every wiſe man rules
His ſtarres, and may deferre that fate which Prayer
Cannot alter, ſee if I have not loſt

My

My power, why ſtay yee? who plyes the pumpe now?
Sheele founder through the ſlaves negligence.
Sla. Why ſhould we labour againſt heaven
That has decreed our loſſe, there's no hope
We'are all loſt, the Sea alreadie's our grave.
Gall. Villaine thou ſhalt not dye by water, Ile bee thy fate.
He ſtabs the Slave.
And yours if yee ſtay *Exeunt Slaves.*

Enter Zenon and Lucanthe.

Zen. See if the ſtorme has not wrought in her element
Of water too, and blowne it in teares
From her eyes.
Gall. Would it had blowne the fire thence too,
The earthly part would not wound me, my danger
And their beautie in thoſe active elements lye
For in her living Iet fire beares ſway.
Zen. I will watch him.
Steps aſide.
Gall. Will you yet grant my ſuite and yeeld me love,
Or muſt I follow the example of the Gods,
And in a ſtorme compaſſe my will? Say
Will you give, or ſhall I force?
Luc. Is this a time for love, when the raging ſtorme
Drownes thy words? Oh thou abuſed power!
Who thus enrag'd purſues us ev'n to the laſt
Of all our name, and for abus'd ſacrifice
Will the Prieſt in judgement offer.
If thou haſt decreed my fall tak't while I am fit
For ſacrifice, while I'me pure and my virgin Snow
Vnſoyl'd, and protect me from this Raviſher
Whoſe impious heate burnes his hated breaſt
Ev'n in the boſome of the Sea.
Gall. Ceaſe to curſe and yeeld me love, thou ſee'ſt

All the Ship is buſie with apprehenſion
Of our danger, which my love will not give
Me leave to feare, thoughts of that take up
All the roome here, that care of my ſelfe
Cannot get in, Nor is this ſtorme ſo dangrous,
You're unacquainted, elſe youl'd finde it but noyſe
And not apprehend it.

Lucan. Away, unhand me.

He offers to take hold of her.

Gall. To me tis no new things to ſee the Elements
At warre, and ſtrive againe to runne to *Chaos*
Thouſands of times have I naked ſtood the rage,
When th' Element of fire has ſhot his angry flames
Into the yeelding maine, as if he had meant
To wound her god with his fork'd lightning,
This I have ſeene and felt the miſchiefes
The unruly windes beget when they breake priſon
And force from the torne entrance of the earth,
A dang'rous birth.

Luc. O impious man! haſt thou ſeene their power,
And felt their mercy, and do ſt ſlight it?

Gall. Slight it, no, nor feare it: I have ſeene
A hideous ſtorme grow from his nothing, and
Look'd on Sea, heard the falſe winds whiſper to her
Till their flatteries have wrought into her boſome,
And there fil'd with ambition the covetous Element
That would aſpire at heaven, diſcovering
E'en to the eyes of men the ſecrets of
Her wombe, This I have ſeene and theſe dangers
Wrought through, Nor will I beleeve any thing
Can ſave me when I cannot ſave my ſelfe.
Will you yeeld?

Luc. Oh ſtrange daring! quench his ſawcy flames,
or adde.

Your

Your fire to 'um, and hide your lightning in his lustfull
breast.
Foole and villaine I never met before:
Though wise and wicked soldome joyne do'st tempt
Me now with all my feares about me?
If I were a common prostitute that were
Acquainted with sinne; I durst not when Thunder
speakes.
Listen to thee, thy wickednesse
Shakes even my reason; rather fall upon thy knees
And no longer tempt the Gods to our destruction.
Gall. Away I'me deafe.
Lucan. Villaine wilt thou sinne, while
His plagues hang over thee? And adde to thy sanks
While he is punishing? O yee winds take my teares
Vpon your wings, and through this storme convey
Vm to that youth, whose honour tooke me even
I'th midst of my dangers, And
Tell his faith unfortunately hath betrayd
Me to this misery.
Gall. Hah! is there another that you love?
Nay then the earth shall not save thee.

Enter Zenon.

Zen But it shall. Veere more sheare!
Hale tacke aboard; Who's at helme? Master
Set a yare man to the helme, Thus, thus.
Hel. Done 'tis.
Zen. No more.
Gal. Hell take thee for thy interruption.
Exit Lucanthe.
Zen. Lower your maine saile, 'twas your fault
We lac'd our bonnet too; full, full.
Hel. Done 'tis.
Mast. Strike our foresaile, heer's a gust will beare

Our Maſt by the board elſe.

Gall. How now Maſter is ſhe tight?

Maſt. No a pox upon her for a whore ſhe leakes
But we have girt her; port, port hard

Helme. Done, done 'tis.

Zen. Who keepes the lead there?

Within.

O dem a deepe fifteene fathome and a halfe O.

Gall. Where's the wind?

Zen. North-Eaſt.

Maſ. What ground ha'yee?

Within.

Corrall.

Maſt. Hell and confuſion! Corrall? Luff, luff hard;
Vtare tacke and hale your ſheate abord, Boatſwaine.
Brace your Foreſaile, bring her ith wind,
Be yare mates, clap helpe a lee, bring her *Whiſtles.*
Vpon her ſtayes: Hell and confuſion!
We are upon the rockes of *Aſuara.*

Zen. Keepe the Lead going.

Exit Zenon and Maſter.

Gall. What's my fate, is my fate, and it may conquer

Groning within.

But I'le never yeeld too't, nor ſinke while
Theſe Oares can beare me through.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hiparchus and Pauſanes.

Hip. Looſe the ſlaves, we want men to trim our ſailes.

Pau. Oh *Hiparcus* that we had but
The *Pluto* here, to buſtle with this ſtorme
She would have layd her bough boldly in,
And c'eav'd a browne Sea with her brazen prow:

This

This is a painted whore, her backe too weake
To beare her burden.

Hip. Hell upon her leeware jade ſhee's crank-ſided too,
Shee'le beare no ſaile; full, full, there.

Helme. Done, done tis.

Hip. See how ſhe ſheer's to and agen, full, full.

Pau. Shee'le not feele her helme; port hard.

Hel. Done 'tis.

Enter Boatſwaine.

Boat. Whoſe at the Helme, ſlave woo't bring our ſailes
Into the winde, veare more ſheate there,
For heavens ſake Gentlemen to your Cabbins and pray.
Now mates ſtand to your Sailes, in with the leade there.
Hoh the Cunnerey dew, weſt, ſteere dew-weſt,

Enter the King and Eucratia.

W'are too farre upon the lee ſhore, we ſhall never
Weather the land, if we fall to the Southward
We be loſt, the weſtward has a ſafe Bay
Wee'le beare up with the Land, full, full, ho!
Courage Madam we have a tight ſhip
And a ſtout ging, veare tacke and hale in
Your maine ſheate, more hands there, in with
The foreſaile.

Hip. Right, right your Helme.

Helme. Done 'tis.

Pau. Mates cleare an Anchor to drop e're ſhe ſtrikes,
Thus, thus.

Exeunt all but the King and Eucratia.

King. O ignorance of man! tis beſt ſeene
In divers wayes that knowledge runnes, this their Art
And wiſe direction is to me diſtraction:

Oh

Oh Madam let me adde to these dangerous
Multitude of waters my teares, that my repentance may
Wash off this staine: 'Tis not the Sea
I sinke under, but my faults to you.
Can you forgive my blindnesse that has led
You into dangers, accursed be that traytor,
Villaine that brought 'um to that extreame,
Those a land I could have redeem'd but this
All these waters cannot prize.

Eub. Tis not dangers fright mee, though yours bee joyn'd
To them, for which Heaven knowes
I have a paine, you prov'd such a friendly enemy:
My griefe concernes not my selfe now,
For I'm onely in the power of heaven, and
The gods are no lesse strong at Sea than land
And though their wonders dwell i'th deepe, yet
Their mercies waite there too.

King. Oh divine *Eubratia!*
Let me kneele to thee, and in this storme call
Vpon thy name to save me.

Eub. Tempt not those powers which must protect us
But joyne with me for my lost Sister poore *Lucanthe*,
Who is not onely subject to this storme
But the dangers too, with which a Traytors lust
Begirts her, Oh Sir I know to dye
Spotlesse is now her prayer, and all her wishes
Include but what we pray against, a wracke.

King. She strikes Oh! we'are lost, she strikes Oh.
Within, Oh, oh, oh.

Enter Pausanes and Hipartus.

Pau. Man the Long-boate, not a man enters

Till

Till the King and Queene be in; Sir descend the Ship
strikes. *Storme.*
The Long boate now is all our hopes.

Actus Quartus Scena Prima.

Enter Gallippus with Lucanthe tyed to his backe and the knot in his mouth.

THe fire of lust and warmth which that heate lent,
Gave me strength to resist this coldnesse of the water,
And to my appetite and longings the power
That sav'd me: If I can call backe her life
Ile sacrifice this lambe: To my backe
I made *Zenon* binde her, that shee might not
Have her will ere I had mine, which was
To dye, the knot in my teeth I held, that when
I could keepe her no longer shee might slip,
For my love 'tis vow'd to the living not the dead;
And when I cannot what I woo'le, I woo'le
What I can; to yonder fire which guided mee to this
safetie
I beare my load; when shee begins to live
Ile seeme to dye: And so i'le handle this chance
And in oylie words clothe this service,
Faintly pleading pardon for my past faults
As if I had onely life enough to tell her
The obligation shee owes, then if I finde
Her melt I'le by degrees I le let her charitie prevaile
And slowly seeme to recover. But if shee
Rejoyce in my fall, and my prayers faile,
By all the Gods her's shall not prevaile. *Exit.*

Scena

Scena Secunda.

Enter the King, Eucratia Hiparchus and Pauſanes all above.

King. The ſtorme begins to ceaſe
And this our miraculous deliverance
Calls for a hearty and ſpeedy ſacrifice,
Oh Sir looke they ſwim ſtill!
Euc. In Charitie as a ſacrifice for our deliverance
If it be poſſible ſave um, the youth
That ſtrikes the water with unskilfull oares
O ſave, ſave th'innocent.
Pau. Be at peace if it be in man
Ile ſave him.
Hip. What doe you meane?
Pau. To leape in.
Hip. Tis deſperate.
Pau. Tis honeſt, nay tis honorable, and when
Can a young man die better, or hope to have
His end waited on with braver mourners,
Thou ſeeſt I have hunted from danger to danger
All my life but to finde a name, or one
To owne me, and cannot compaſſe it,
Therefore to chooſe I'de leape into this danger
From this glorious end I may in ſtory,
Therefore leave counſell and leape in with me
And let us through this as a thouſand other
Dangers to gather labour, then if I faint
Hiparcus will be by, or if *Hiparcus* faint
Am not I there? farewell, if thou wilt not follow.
He leaps in.
Hip. Hee's gone, *Pauſanes*! friend ſteere thy courſe
To yonder fire, there I'le meete; And

If

If it be possible assist thy brave resolve.

King. Yee Gods! what strange breed of men are these!

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gallippus with Lucanthe in his armes.

He carries her to the fire.

Gall. So here I'le rest my burthen, she begins
To recover her strength and reason workes apace,
She cal'd for helpe but nam'd no body
But at large, gentle souldier helpe.

Luc Oh Save me, save me, gentle youth I'me betraid!

Gall. Agen.

Luc. Hah! where am I? what place is this?

Gall. Now *Gallippus* hide thy snares cunningly
And then thou maist catch this bird.

Gallippus lies downe by her, and counterfeits himselfe dead.

Luc. Hah wet! Good heaven! now my feares
Returne with my reason I remember
The danger I was in by a storme at Sea
Hah! whats this? a man laid by my side?
Sleepes he, or is he dead? good heaven protect me
How came I here? who's this *Gallippus*? hee's so wicked,
Me thinkes his ashes should be dangerous,

He groanes.

Harke he groanes.

Enter Hipereus.

Hip. Yonders the fire to which my friend will steere
His desperate course. Hah! what doe I see?

Lucanthe

Lucanthe and *Gallippus* dead by her?

Gall. Who's that nam'd *Gallippus, Zenon?*

Gallippus ſtirres and when he ſees Hiparcus riſes.

Luc. Alive!

Gall. Hiparcus! nay then my fate purſues me hard.

Hip. Art alive! yee Gods take this in ſacrifice

He kneeles and kiſſes her hand.

Till I offer you.

Luc. 'Tis he, 'tis the youth that ſav'd me! Oh Sir Protect me from this raviſher.

Hip. If thou ſcap'ſt me now I'me ſtrangely curſt;

They fight.

Doe you ſtare?

Gall. Shee's loſt, I bleed apace.

Hip. I'me wounded.

They are both wounded.

Gall. Nay it has a mouth would it had this tongue in it.

Hip. You can fall when y'are not dead, if thou jeſts now

Take that earneſt. *Gallippus falls.*

Gall. Hold, I'me unfit for ſuch a ſudden, And it——

Luc. Oh Sir, ſpare him a little time, to throw off That load that ſinkes him.

Hip. Oh Madam, to what a danger my miſtake Of ſervice brought you, are you not at warre With all our Sex, for the treacheries of this villain?

Hiparchus as he ſpeakes faints.

Luc. How doe you Sir? he faints.

Hip. I bleed a pace, And I feare my wounds Are deeper then I apprehended, I feele a darkeneſſe Now begin to cloſe mine eyes, Oh Madam, Madam!

He falls.

Luc. He faints!

Oh

Oh yee gods ſend ſome ayde and counſell
To a wretched maide, whom yee have purſued
With chaines of fate. Oh that I had dyed
Ere I had ſeene my bliſſe, unfortunate *Lucanthe*
To ſee my love thus in cradle bloody,
As if 'twas borne onely, to let thee know
A cauſe of griefe.

Enter Iudge.

Iudg. This way I heard ſome cry for helpe, and 'twas
Mingled with the noyſe of Swords.
What here a man wet and wounded? Good heaven!
Laſt night thou little expected'ſt ſuch a land fate
More miſery! whence are they? a woman too?
Tis ſome murder ſure I'le take a ſword
Thoſe that could ſo deſtroy their youth
Won'not ſpare my age.
Luc. What art thou father, that pitti'eſt our ſad fates
Come hither and I'le teach thee how to mourne.
Iudg. Is he dead thou mourneſt thus? let me ſee
His wounds, hold up's head, he breathees, bow him forward.
While I fetch a balſame, whoſe ſoveraigne power
If the vitall parts be not periſh'd will
Reſtore his health.
Luc. Runne, runne, Oh my joy if thou dyeſt, upon thy Tombe
I'le lay a Marble rough as thy fortune
And on it fit fixt a living ſtatue,
Till with my teares I have polliſh't it.
Iudg. So poure this balſame into his wounds, and binde
It up and ſtay his head, while I goe finde
The Hermits ſonne, he ſhall helpe
To beare him to our Cabbin.

Exit

Enter King, Eucratia, Sertanes, Hermit, and his Sonne. with the bodies of Cicillia and Pansanes.

King. Bring 'um to yonder fire
And while *Eucratia* applies her charitie to the youth
I'le assist *Pansanes.*

Iud. *Eucratia*, who nam'd *Eucratia?*

Luc. Why, dost thou know *Eucratia?*

Iud. Know her? yes *Lucanthe.*

Luc. Father?

Iud. Tis thee.

Luc. Oh yee Gods your hands are visible
Through all this change!

King What are those about the fire?

Eucratia goes to the fire and knowes them

Euc. *Lucanthe* and *Theogenes.* Oh Sir we are blest
Beyond our hopes.

Iud. *Eucratia* here too! Oh remove my doubts
By what fate are we met thus strangely?

King. Twill aske a longer time Sir then her charitie
Now can spare to tell.

Sonne. Father they are all acquainted and yet in my conscience
They never appointed this meeting.

Herm. Whats here? a womans breast in a doublet?

In this time the Hermit is busie about Cicillia.

Ladies some of your hands will be proper here
This habit belongs not to the sex it cloathes.

Euc. A woman?

Herm. Yes.

King. *Sertanes* have you never seene that face?

The King gazes and calls Sertanes, they know the face.

Ser. Yes on my life.

King. Tis *Cicillia.*

Cic.

Cic. Here, oh here, who cald wretched *Cicilia*?

King. Madam your charitie has found my Sister, my Friend,
All that I call deare, and see if a crosse fate
Have not attempted to match her hence,
Oh persist in your charitie, and a little dispence
With your joy, and try to save her.

Eue. If my blood could save her, to every veine,
I would a passage give, & through that thousand streames
Pursue her safetie.

Herm. More of strong water,
The Hermit busie to save Pausanes!
And give him leave to breathe.

Eue. Here put on this loose robe, and hide her disguise

Gall. Some Charitable hand convey me to *Hiparcus*
That from my dying lippes I may breathe in
Comfort: about my necke you'le finde
Two golden Medals which I tooke
From his and *Pausanes* bosome.
In which (I heard one *Persens* tell
Who that day fell) was writ their names
And countries, which yet they know not.

Iudg. Persens! who can tell tidings of the aged *Persens*?

Gall. I, At the sacke of —— he fell by my hands
When I tooke those youths prisoners
They cald him Father. Oh! I feele I'me sinking.
But whether, Oh whether? Mercy!
He dyes.

Iudg. I'me wrapt in amazement at these things
The Iudge takes the Medalls from Gall. bosome.
These are the Medalls we hung about
Our children's neckes, which of these two
Was cal'd *Pausanes*.

Eue. This.

Iudg.

Iudg. On thee then fall a bleſſing, but on thee
My ſonne a thouſand thouſand bleſſings;
A weeping Father ſhall with penitent teares
Call downe.

Herm. What have I liv'd to ſee?

Iudg. Oh *Lucanthe* and *Eucratia* ſee your long loſt brothers.

King. Though my part be ſtrange, yet theſe wonders
Make it ſeeme nothing: there's ſuch providence
I'th' chances; How fares my *Cicillia*?

Cic. Oh brother can you forgive this fault?
I heard ſome body name *Pauſanes*,
Where is he?

King. Here.

Cic There! and not come to *Cicillia*? Oh! my feares.
Will end this wracke. Speake,
By all the honours of thy youth I conjure thee!
Is he dead or no?

King. No upon my life he lives and is found a Prince.

Cic. O my brother, will you not then——

King. Why doſt thou hide thy bluſhes in my boſome?
Think'ſt thou I can be cruell to *Cicillia*?
No, no, ſince I ſaw thee, I have felt thy paine
And now can love too, but dare not promiſe
I ſhall be fortunate.

Euc. Can I adde to your joyes? If I can:
Let this Prieſt witneſſe my vowes to the King.

Herm. Will it pleaſe thee King to retire to my homely Cell,
Tis free from ſtorme unleſſe you bring 'um with you,
I've liv'd long there, yet never felt any
Save what my ſinnes brought: ſome skill too
I have in Hearbes, and fortunate I thanke the gods
I have beene in my attempt in Surgery.
And hope they'le ſmile upon theſe Patients too.

finde no danger of death among'ſt them,
And when I have my Salvatory laid by
Then I'le take up my Beads. For the Prieſt I ſee
Muſt compleate the joyes of theſe happy paires
My intereſt in which I'le no longer hide.
Oh ſpeake *Theanatia* think'ſt thou the gods
Will accept an offering from aged *Memnons* hand?
If thou think'ſt they will, here I'le throw off
My diſguiſe: And from a Father and a Prieſt,
Sir, receive her.

Euc. My Father?

Iudg. Memnon? my brother? Oh welcome!

King. Let me interrupt your joyes, leſt their exceſſe
Prove dangerous, and to the gods that have wrought
This bleſſing, let us paſſe to ſacrifice.

Her. Leade on *Theogines*, while we
Theſe young men beare off, on each of which
A Virgin ſhall like their good *genius* waite.
The ſtory how we came to be thus happy
Wee'le deferre to a fitter time:
When we have ſet theſe Priſoners free
And prov'd Loves fetters libertie.

FINIS.

CLARACILLA:

A

Tragæ-Comedy.

As it was Presented at the *Phœnix* in *Drury-Lane*, by her Majesties Servants.

Written by Tho. Killigrew. Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the *Greene Dragon* in *Pauls* Church-yard.
1641.

The Actors Names.

The King.
Appius a Prince. A Prince.

Melintus, Lover of *Claracilla,* } Sonnes to the
Philemon, Friend to *Melintus,* } Kings brothers,

Timilus, Friend to *Melintus.*

Silvander an usurper, in love with *Claracilla.*

Seleucus, A Lord, and favorite to the King, in love with *Claracilla.*

Manlius, } Two Pirats disguis'd on *Silvanders*
Tullius. } Party.

Revack, A Slave.

Claracilla, The Princesse.

Ollada, A Maide

CARACILLA.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter King, Appius, Seleucus and Attendants.

King.

Seleucus you know the ſoule of our deſigne
Lies in the ſpeedy and ſilent execution
Of the Plot, let us not preſume in their ſecuritie
Till we fall in our owne, but goe, and when
They have begirt the place, give us notice that
With our charge they may at once, feare and feele
Their danger, and by us be cloath'd in twine
Ere they know whoſe livery they weare. *Exit Seleucus.*
This if Fortune be a goddeſſe and joyne
With juſtice, and with her ſtrength will aſſiſt
Our induſtrie, muſt be, for where juſtice
Strikes, in what corner of the earth can victory
Hide her ſelfe, and that youthfull hand
Not finde her.

Ap. I ſhould bluſh at this
If there needed more argument to confirme
I ſhall be victorious: then the reward

Purpoſd, for had the Gods intended the farre fam'd
Claracilla's vertues a reward for treaſon,
They would not then have left her vertue
Such a guard, whoſe power hath ſtood
Amongſt Traytors, when yours fell upon
The faith that bore it.

King. You oblige me Sir, and this ſw[illegible]
Makes me begge you will be pleaſd to let me
Once agen call to your memory ſome
Particulars of that tedious ſtory
My miſeries made me recount to you; this Traytor
Strander, having by my love gaind an intereſt
And by my ſmiles climb'd over the head of all
His fellowes, in the ſtrength of this truſt, grew
Too powerfull for me, and in a battaile where
My cauſe onely ſtrucke, got the day.

Ap. Theſe are faults the Gods muſt puniſh,
But his uſurpation of the Princeſſe, and
Intended rape, which in a marriage he labours,
Are thoſe that blow my rage.

King. Tis true, it has alwayes beene his ayme,
But his love by the gods appointed for his
Puniſhment; and our guard has given her a conſtant
Power over him, which we have ſo directed (ſtrengt[h]
That ſhee has prevail'd with him to quit his greate[r]
And retreate with her to this private villa
Where now he remaines, onely attended by ſome
Few troopes of horſe, this opportunitie we owe
Her pietie, that has put it in our power to ſtrike
For our revenge, and right agen. *Enter Selusus.*

Sel. Arme Sir, and behold how in the obedience
Of your command they are loſt, ruine in ſilence
Like growth ſteales upon them, th'are now empal'd
And deſtruction hovers, yet undiſcover'd
To the prey, but deſerve no time, for night makes
Haſt away, the cauſe hath ſuch a glory

Ca[ſ]

Caſt about the ſouldier, that it forceth day,
And victory in the reſolution waites
But your command.
King. Sir pray be pleaſd to give
Theſe loſt men their doomes, the ſignal's yours.
Ap. Tis an honour and I accept it, and thus give it, follow me. *Exit.*
King. And that ſouldier that ſhall refuſe ſuch a ſignall
Let his weighty feares ſinke him where he ſtands,
Come *Seleucus.* *Exit.*
Sel. Come *Seleucus*, had not wont to be the word upon a charge
Of love, thy power hath diſarm'd me, or rather envy
Hath diſarm'd my love, could it be elſe
That I ſhould ſtand thus unſold in *Claracilla's* cauſe
Whilſt others guild their ſwords in her revenge, *Charge.*
It could not be, harke how eagerly they purſue
My miſery, cruell honour puts me in, and tells me
I loſe my intereſt in her, unleſſe by giving
Wounds I pull on mine owne. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Timillus, and Iacomo.

Mel. Come *Timillus* let us haſte to the Charge,
Leſt our friends beleeve feare declinde our haſte,
And we are early enough, if we ſucceede,
To let them ſee we have brought the wiſhes of friends.
Tim. Faith and if we doe not ſucceede we ſhall finde we came too ſoone, I am ſure I ſhall in an overthrow, I am certaine to get my ſhare, when I liſt to want an enemy my friends ſhall knocke me o'th head, for I thanke my fates, Fortune has beene as bountifull of her miſchiefes to me as an enemy could wiſh, and that's but a hard condition youle ſay, for a man like mine that cannot aske rewards when he does well.
Mel. Mention not that here, when rewards grow within thy reach, every daring forehead, and if *Timillus* dares not gather them a muſt goe without.

Tim. You are ever thus snappish till I am angry, and then I fight to my owne ruine not my enemies, one would thinke you might allow a man his humour, and not be forc'd to fight your quarrell, but hee must fight your way too.

Mel. Yes, yes, prethe no more.

Tim. Now my choller is up I shall strike, but like Iohn of the Clocke house, that way my face stands; *Iacomo* keepe you out of the belfree.

Mel. Leave this discourse now *Timillus*, and follow me. *Exit.*

Tim. And what wilt thou doe *Iacomo.*

Ia. Who I? follow my master.

Tim. No prethee let us be friends, choose some other place, for I am resolv'd to keepe that my selfe, till I am beaten from it.

Ia. You are merry, but I have seene them clawd e're now that have taken it, but I hope youle finde better fortune.

Tim. A pox of Fortune, she has no such thing as good or bad belongs to her, follow me, and if we gaine the day I'le give her thee. *Charge.* *Exit.*

Enter Claracilla and Olinda.

Olin. Fly Madam, these enemies bring your freedome.

Cla. Be constant Heaven. *Enter Silvander.*

Sil. What ho, *Claracilla*, gentle *Claracilla*
Dost thou flie me too, nay then I'me lost indeede.
Thou mightst have had mercy tho no love,
And preserv'd me for thy owne sake, for in this
Fall of mine, thou hast a hand in ruining thy
Owne Temple, nor canst thou after this ingratitude
Be term'd the just, however the faire *Claracilla.*

Enter Titius. *Within flie flie.*

Tit. Fly Sir, flie, all's lost.
Not is it courage but despaire staies yee, when
Safetie is already fled beyond the reach of men.

Sil.

Sil. Doe thou flie fond wretch and in thy fate
Thou runst to finde how vaine thy counsell is,
No, *Claracilla's* cruell, I will not stirre
A foote that leades from danger, nor vainely
Attempt to escape the hand of heaven, unlesse
I could hide me from his eyes too.

Enter Melintus wounded.

What art thou that wear'st such death
About thee? and look'st as if
Thou cam'st to put of thy habit here. *Silvander stands amaze.*

Mel. Tis not you I looke for, 'tis something
That shot from heaven before me, she appeard
Like innocence her selfe striking in her owne cause;
Saw you not that starre, did she not in her ascent
Passe this way---he minds not me

Melintus offers to goe away.

Sil. Tis so, this youth but saw her, and hees overcome,
Stay, what ere thou art that once againe
I may see thy face, and reade the story
Which love and anger appeares so mingled in.
Now by all our gods, 'tis nobly writ, and had
I met it when I commanded fortune, I would
Have studied thee, and by obligations have grafted
Thee my friend, but since that power is gone

He drawes his Sword.

By this and my name, I command thee be my Priest,
Know *Silvander* the unfortunate calls thee backe.

Mel. Silvander, Oh ye Gods, what power ye give
To treason, that name hath dispersit the cloud
That passion threw betwixt him and the revenge
Of a Fathers murder call'd unfortunate as wicked,
What fate rul'd thee thus to call me back.

Sil. Prethee youth no noise;
I was a traytor, but true to our King
And yet his power commanded me, and
Could my love to *Claracilla* have consented

To have wonne ſuch a Iewell in leſſe then
A Crowne, or beene ſatisfied to have ſeene her
Whom I preferd before the Gods, ſtood ſecond to any
Thou in all thy wounded faith which thus adornes thee,
Shouldſt not have out-ſhind me this day in loyaltie.
Mel. Love and treaſon mixt, know, though thou
Haſt prov'd thy ſelfe a cunning Chymiſt
In attempting to deſtroy that noble body,
Yet I have that here ſhall in ſpight of all thy
Adulterate mixtures reſtore and fix it, guard thee.
Sil. Prethee threaten not, for tho I propheſie
Thou bring'ſt my winding ſheete, yet thou ſhalt ſee
My ſmiles with ſcorne wreath it about me,
And yet I meane not to fall unlike a ſouldier
Nor be buried without my rights about me, (thee.
My Sword upon my breaſt thus, and therefore guard
Mel. Guard me, tis the office of the gods, to kill thee
Is to doe the execution, and the way
As ſafe as that the Miniſters of juſtice
Tread, and were it as noble as juſt, I would
Command thee hold thy necke,
But I ſcorne ſuch wayes to my revenge,
And therefore will take an equall tryall.
Sil. This youth muſt overcome, Honour
And juſtice both ſtrike for him! and though
I fall I ſhall live in his fame!
Mel. Yeeld and your perſon's ſafe, for 'twas
Againſt your cauſe, not you.
Sil. And ere this darkneſſe hath quite ſhadow'd
Me, heare my ſtory, that as thou haſt puniſh'd
My treaſon, thou mayſt pitty my misfortune;
And thus when I am gone report of me,
Sillander bow'd to a cruell power, who
When he had offerd all, that a lovers thought
Could compaſſe, and the power of a King
Worne onely to ſerve in, when that power
Reſign'd, and my offerings came to be in the heart,

Not

Not hand, and my prayers because unperfum'd,
Vnheard, and I the offerer
Thus made the sacrifice; O gentle youth!
Would any bow to such a power as flies
Vs in our miseries, or worship that Image
Which thus falls upon her Priest? *Diet.*

Mel. Vnfortunate indeede, as all men are
That build upon faults, but I will not say I pitty thee,
For where a King once grow, to sow pitty
Is the worst of changes. *Exit. Enter Appius and Selucus.*

Sel. This way Sir he went, if he be mortall,
But his stay's so short, that we but seeme
To follow in the tract he makes.

Ap. Let us lose no time then in overtaking him
That we may assist his worke.

Sel. I will not fight a foote further that way
If there be no enemies backwards, Ile make some,
Death, Ile not take *Mars* his leavings in the field

Ap. Come *Selucus* turne this fire the right way,
And 'twill light thee to finde out honour.

Sel. It has don't, but to day she is too busie
In obeying one mans fortune that my wounds
Are not current to purchase her.

Ap. We are sure he is this way, for heer's his marke,
Where ere he goes he makes death his character,
Know yee this that beares it.

Sel. Know him! yes, this stroke killd not a Traytor
But treason it selfe fell here, this is *Silvander*,
And hee's gone—envie be not prophetick, aymes
Beyond a crowne, it must be *Claracilla*;
Then yee gods whether else tends this youths flight,
Or what but she can satisfie, when a King
Cannot, this doubt makes me
Pursue him through a dangerous knowledge. *Exit.*

Enter Claracilla and Melintus following her.

Cla. Sure this stranger knowes me not, she pursues me

As if I were part of the enemy.

Mel. O ſtay, for know ſince I have once agen ſeene
My fate Ile reade it, what ever it be, tis
Written in ſo faire a booke — ſee unconfident
He kneeles.
Of my armes I begge your ſtay, he begs that
Dealt death as oft as wounds to his oppoſers
In thy purſuite your feares wrong me, he
That dares fight with men will not warre with beauty
And this ſword that hath cut through ſo many
Fates this day to finde mine owne, tremble not;
For it hath ever been the ſervant of juſtice not cruelty.

Cla. Sir, I know not guilt enough to beget a feare,
Yet if you meane me no harme why doe you
Purſue me, and neglect th'advantage fortune threw
Vpon your daring youth, have you ſuch choyce
Of honour, you ſcorne to ſtoope for this, that you
Have ventur'd ſo far for, what dreſſe would you weare?
What beauties would your youth put on to make it
Lovely, when thoſe wounds a Crowne and conqueſt
Cannot ſatisfie, when the heart thinkes theſe?
No harveſt, where would thy ſword ſow thy hazzards
To reape one more glorious. *He riſes.*

Mel. Faire ſoule goe on, and whilſt you blame the
effect
Ile reade the cauſe, and thus looke upon the conqueſt
Crowne and reward I ſtrucke for, if ever I
Have triumph it muſt paſſe through thoſe Arches
In gentle ſmiles, and whilſt I enjoy this happineſſe
Let the Crowne and lawrell paſſe by, as the leſſer
Good, nor would I give this to poſſeſſe the bleſſings
That attend them all.

Cla. Heaven grant this fruite be from a noble ſtocke
And yet tis ſafer 'twere not, for I feare
I am not proofe againſt ſuch vertue, 'twas the dreſſe
My *Meliotus* wore when he appeard moſt comely;

Nor

Nor neede I doubt him, for never honour grew
Where 'twas not sow'd, Sir you forget your wounds,
They exact a care.
Mel. No faire one, I am now powring Balme into them
And could I hope you would afford this way
Of cure, 'twould be one health, to not be heald,
She turnes away.
Why doe you turne away, and let my truthes
Fall ere they reach your eares, is it yout feares
That would remove you, let this secure you
Tho I appeare in this bloody dresse more like a Priest,
Yet I am a sacrifice, and that sacrifice
Which once was acceptable to you. (sake.
Cla. Sure I have heard that voyce, Sir for heavens
Wound me not with doubt; who are you?
Mel. Are there no lines in all this misery
That you can call to minde—— nor the Print
He pulls a patch from his eyes.
Of one joy which you set there.
Cla Oh yes there is. *She leanes on him and weepes.*
Mel. Oh *Claracilla*---soule of honour, why doe you not
In charitie quit your vertue, 'tis single here
That I may throw off my paine.
Cla. Oh *Melintus*, you must not wish it, *Melintus*
Can bravely suffer, he is a Souldier, loves
Souldier, but honours Leader—— let me weepe
My soule into thy noble brest, this payment
I can make to none but to thy selfe, those teares
That were due to absence, sadnesse payd thy memory:
Oh let me rest upon thee, my joyes are
Too great a load to beare---and feele how this
Melintus here, beates to meete *Melintus* there.
Mel. Oh ye Gods, 'tis Paradice sure, the way was so rugged

That leads to it.

Cla. 'Tis a great power we serve, nor is it more
Seene in his punishment that parted us
Then in this reward, but let us not my soule
Be two expressive in our joyes, it may
Displease those powers that have bin thus favorable,
And my *Melintus* had not wont to sacrifice unto
Himselfe, and so forget the gods.

She offers to goe from him.

Mel. Oh gentle *Claracilla* remove not from me,
For you mistake the posture, the breast is
Loves altar, and the seate of friendship, and
For sacrifice, is not *Claracilla* a fuller
Offering in either kinde, then a Cake or Spice
But I submit for *Melintus* shall never know
A reason to contradict *Claracilla*.

Cla. Yet let us remember what we owe to your safety
The care of your wounds too but that I know
Melintus ever plac'd dangers behinde his love
I should ere this have prompted you to a care of—

Mel. For my wounds the cause will heale them, to me
You owe nothing for your deliverance; your freedome
Grew here, and your enemies mistaking the place
In search of my danger a digg'd it out and you (leave.
Shall finde this truth in the beauty of the scarres they
Oh *Claracilla* thy faith makes me smile through all this
blood---
But harke, I heare we are pursu'd, this upon
Your faire hand, and then let me hide my love
And name under my disguise. *He puts on his patch.*

Cla. 'Tis good night *Melintus*, now thou hast put out
The light, and like love himselfe th'art blinde,
And thou art all I worship of that god.

Enter Appius and Selenus.

Sel. See where he stands, my feares were true:
The Princesse in his hand too, he holds her like

His

His prey in the foot---Sir tho you fought well
Yet this Lady will not prove your reward,
She cannot be a Prisoner here.
Mel. What I did well was rewarded in the fact;
And for this Lady I am so farre from hoping
She should be my prisoner, that I would
Have sufferd all the misery of warre
E're strucke one blow against her freedome.
Sel. Here is a Prince, whose youthfull fire blowne
With desire to serve you through thousand hazards
Hath this day courted your favour, and in his hand
You will seeme more aptly worne.
Ap. Madam, tho friendship seeme to direct, you
Have an interest that commands here, and tis
Honour enough, if you please to let me kisse your hand.
Cla. Sir, Civilities are alwayes fruitfull, and beget
Civilities if they meete with honour, which I hope
Shall not be wanting to give a growth to what
You venture here.
Mel. Madam I see 'tis not my opinion onely
But this Lords too, that I am unworthy of this honour.
Cla. If it be an honour weare it, you first secur'd it.
Sel. Will you make your hand the reward of fortune
And scatter your favours so that they be had
For stooping, is that an honour due to the first comer;
If so I grutch it not, for such favours, and
Vpon such ties he may weare it, else
I should be loath to stoope to her, that bowes so him.
Cla. You are insolent.
Mel. Thus Madam be pleas'd to accept your due, and then
Give me leave to exact mine---Sir, let not yours interest
Here, and the opinion you have but a single enemy
Make you presume to injure me so,
Mistake my bountie as to thinke I have thrown
My blood away in vanitie, for tho I fet.

No

No price upon my wounds, and contract not for
Killing of a Traytor, yet I can tell
Whether I am bid faire or no when I have don't,
'Tis nobler farre to give a Courtesie
Then sell it under, doe you smile? it may be
You have had good markets, and such weake chapmen
For those good few deeds you have done.

Sil. Yes, but if you were from this place, I would make
Thee pay deare for one, which should on thy
Heart write thou wert but my Factor, and all the honour
Thou art dect with, but my store.

Mel. You promise to your selfe too faire, and noyses
Fright onely when we are ignorant of the cause
And there's too much in thee, to have a dangerous death.

Ap. Hold *Seleucus*.----Sir when you know his good
You will pardon this ill, nor doe I meane it
An injury to shew by his envie what value
He sets upon your glories, and I make
No doubt, when his reason hath purg'd this Choller
From his honour, you'le finde him a healthy friend
And his acquaintance, not subject to these sickly passiõs
If he does as of a suretie command my faith
To make this good.

Mel. Sir I can easier beare injuries that I deserve not,
Then receive obligations that I cannot pay;
For injuries have a curse growing within my reach,
But obligations I must suffer under their weight,
If you propose not the remedy.

Ap. Come embrace, *Seleucus* had not wont
To take the person of an enemy, much lesse
Fall in love with injuries, especially when jealous
Honour begets them upon mistakes amongst friends.

Seleucus salutes him and speakes by.

Sel. Love and honour, farewell to both,
My endeare the gods Ile worship now, and my nets
Once throwne, Ile catch them tho they swim in blood.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Attendants.

Cla. See my royall Father, and I have reap'd
My blessings ere I have paid my offering,
Thus to the gods, I bow in pious obedience here to you
King. Welcome deare *Claracilla*, rise, twice borne
To a Crowne, twice parent, & twice the issue of my joyes
And merit all the blessings that my prayers
Sacrifice can call downe upon thee, and you Sir (vors
To whom we stand thus oblig'd for unmerited fa-
Since you have left no other way to returne
Take the blushes you have begot, and be pleasd
To let us know your name and country, that
Our gratefull mentions may not fall like darts
Throwne at nothing, sure 'tis a gratefull one
That has such store of vertues, that she can spare
From her helme such a Pilot in the course of honour.
Mel. Your pardon royall Sir, for disobeying your command,
My Country I dare not tell, for as my parent
I would hide her name, and my name is, where
Tis knowne so displeasing, that I dare not
Venture it here, where I would remaine
An humble servant.
King. Come my *Claracille*,
Let not the heart forget to sacrifice
Vnto the hand, thus acknowledging to the meanes (ber
And forget the power that commands them, but remem-
That the gods though they are oft times seene
But in the successe and latter end of things, yet their
Place is first, and ought to be so in our worship.
Mel. In the morning I shall begge leave to visit you.
Cla I hope so. *Exit.*
Mel. Sure I have surpriz'd my joyes, they had not wont. *Enter Timillus.*
To come thus naked, thus like Angels, whose
Cloathing is all we see, the rest is mystery---

My

My friend! pardon when I forget my ſelfe if thou
Appeareſt loſt in my joyes.

Sel. Hè is alone, and ſomething Ile doe, but ſtay
who's this?

Tim. Prethee call thy bird backe againe, for mine is flowne, that we may have ſomething to truſt to, this is the comfort of a Comrade, a man may goe halfes, and be both ſavers.

Mel. Thou art wounded.

Tim. Why doe you wonder I ſhould get a wound, I wonder I got no more, I am ſure I have beene where fewer have beene dealt ere now, and yet more has falne to my ſhare, but by this hand I am glad thou haſt got ſome of Fortunes goods, as they call t'em by this wracke--- I had a Smocke too, but it tore in taking up, what are thoſe that ſtand ſo at diſtance, are they enemies or none.

Mel. Where? O no.

Tim. Why then they are worſe, for they are friends that will be.

Mel. Th'are enemies to nothing but this daies fortune, For yet they know not me.

Tim. Enemies to nothing but this dayes fortune, I prethee what ſubject is there elſe for their hate, or wiſh but the wounds, and thoſe are things I beleeve few cover elſe on my conſcience, one or other would have had mine e're this time.

Sel. I muſt take ſome other time. *Exit.*

Mel. They are gone.

Tim. Let em goe--- and now prethee tell me---what was that--- that ſhee--- that went in, as thou lov'ſt me let her not be ranſom'd, till I have hung theſe fetters about her for a night, by this hand wee'le ſhare.

Mel. Doſt thou know what thou haſt ſaid?

Tim. What I have ſaid, no nor yet doe care, but pray what have I ſayd?

Mel.

Mel. That which thoult be asham'd of when thou know'st of whom.

Tim. Why, I have not lyed *Melintus*, and for the who in woman, tis a thing I looke not after when mine eye is pleas'd, the Sex blesseth all the rest, the who, and what belongs to those fooles enquires, that hunts marriage.

Mel. Come you will be asham'd when you shall know
This is that *Claracilla*, that thou hast heard me
In teares so often mention, that vertue
Which thou so admird'st from my relation, and whose
Noble sweetnesse hath made kindred and dutie
To my King the least tyes of the love and respect I beare her.

Tim. She is honest then — and no hope left by this hand, I'le be overcome hereafter and get more by it then such a conquest where a man gets nothing but cold honour. Doe you heare *Melintus* though she be a vertue as you call it, I hope there is a vice belongs to her.

Mel. Prethee put off this humour; repine at the
Growth of honour; sad because a faire woman's honest.

Tim. No Sir, I am glad she is honest because it seemes honest pleaseth you, but an honest woman to me is a booke I could never reade in, nor can I imagine why we should study them, they are secrets that reach but to one mans knowledge, and the best of them are worst, a knowledge whose birth is ignorance, and He not traffique for such commodities as are not vendible; and by this day, the very thought shee should be faire and honest, hath made me dry, looke how white I spit; let me goe that I may be drunke and forget the sad cause.

Mel. Drunke thou canst not, thou hast a leake will preserve thee
Twill passe ere it come to fuming, you had best looke to that.

Tim. That, what? Who pox I can stop that with my finger.

Mel.

Mel. Come prethee leave thy fooling, and let me see't
I hope tis not dangerous.

Tim. No, no, never feare it, this narrow lane will not
prove my highway to heaven.

Mel. Prethee come away, then we shall be observ'd
To be so long together.

Tim. Hang observers, I'me sure they'le be yours, for
I ne're had any. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Manlius, Tullius and Dion.

Man. STrip those slaves, and to the banke chaine the Cowards
Slavery, 'tis no new thing to such as feare,
And *Tullius* loose that *Rhodian* on the Starboard banke;
Me thought that fellow look'd as if he were
Not justly yoak'd with misery, in the heate
Of the fight I saw him shake his chaine, like
A fierce Dog held from the Chace.

Tul. Sir.

Man. Vrge me no more, Iustice as well as blood
Has an interest in the revenge I take,
And that makes it healthy, tho it may be
That which anger hunts would taste as sweete.

Enter Philemon.

Tul. Sir your pardon, tis my ignorance in the cause
Of your displeasure made me mediate for them.

Man. And because *Tullius* shall not thinke that *Manlius*
Would in misery expect, the compassion
That he would not give, you shall know why
I refuse these my Country men in misery,
The mercy I found from thee in mine.

Tull. Sir not that I doubt you have one, but the desire
To know it makes me beg you would relate
The cause, *Tullius* can be but faithfull
When he has heard it, and that I hope is
Not to be question'd now.

Man. Know then in that day when treason flew above
Justice, and false *Silvander* enrich'd by his masters trust
Out-vyd the noble King with his owne bounty
Who too late found his love had not bred a friend
But begot a Traytor, 'twas upon that day
The brave *Thisander* fell, the interest I had in this fault
Heaven I hope hath pardon'd as well as punish'd;
But to be short, our party having gain'd the day,
The crowne, and beautie that attended it,
The faire *Claracilla* fell into the hands
Of false *Silvander*, where her vertues by daily seeing
Them, disperst the Clowd ambition had set betwixt
My loyalty and me, and then too late
I repented what I had done, yet not willing
To despaire before I had attempted something;
I undertooke an act, which if heaven had smil'd on
Might have redeem'd my forfeit honour, 'twas
To heale the wounds I made with the blood of
The surpriz'd Traytor, whose fall I had decreed
In the midst of all these false glories.

Tul. How came it justice was so absent to her owne cause.

Man. His sinnes it seemes were not ripe, nor this punishment
That heaven design'd him, which by this I hope
Is fully paid, but the particuler, one night
Being in the Princesse chamber contriving
Her escape, which we resolv'd should be e're
I gave the blow, a guard seiz'd me and no cause given
I was sent to my ruine as he design'd.
There your gratitude preserv'd me afterwards

Learnt

Learnt the occasion, that these men whom fortune
Now has given into my power urg'd the lust-burn
Traytor
To a rape upon the Princesse, & with a forc'd marriag
Counseld him to confirme his title, and blew in his
Eare that there was love betwixt the princesse and me
Which if his care remov'd not, would prove
A hindrance to his designe, and from this
Grew this necessitie, which made me receive
The command my better fortunes gave your merit;
Now be you Iudge whether or no they see Iustice
In this punishment.

Tul. 'Tis visible they bow under a weight
That justice hath laid upon them, and my gally
Is both a prison and Sanctuary.

Phi. Is this *Manlius*, and this the cause of his dis-
grace.

Man. But see the slave I sent for, *Tullius*
Was he bought or taken?

Tul. 'Tis one of that Gang defended the *Rhodian*
When we lost so many men in fight.

Man. I remember the story, but how came it
He was left when you sold the rest.

Tul. They did not like the price, besides he was dogge
And that made me put him to the Oare.

Man. Of what country art thou, and thy name!

Phi. Of no country, nor no name in Chaines;
Slave--- is a being--- that what has beene, is
Of no force against, else my name and country
Are not thinges to be asham'd of.

Man. Yet if you thinke they have power to gain
your freedome
Y'are too blame to keepe them hid.

Phi. I have vow'd not to discover till I have my free-
dome, and
I will not.

Man.

Man. Why ſo doggedly?

Phi. Why not, what is there in my fortune that needs
feare
A worſe condition, or what danger in a ſlave
Worth your conſideration what he ſaies, if you dare
Venture a good deede give me credit for one,
And ſet me free.

Man. No, no, we muſt not be forc'd to a benefit;
Tullius command thy Gally to put from ſhore
And lye looſe to night to be ready if there be
Occaſion offerd, we will ſtay a ſhore to night
And expect what iſſue this dayes trouble hath. *Exit.*

Phi. Yes I was of the *Rodian* gang, and chiefe
Tho you know it not, and had our ſeconds beene men
Of ſoules and not made up of feares, might have
Playd your parts now, to what a miſery of condition
I am falne; the laſt Mart becauſe I was wounded
No body would buy me, the ſoule of a ſlave
In their eſteeme not weighing downe his limbes;
Yee gods either ſend me libertie, or take
Your gifts againe, honour, and her iſſue courage;
Iuſtice! faithfulneſſe are of no uſe to me,
Who would be judg'd by a ſlave, courage in chaines
What can it hurt, or to be faithfull of what uſe
When we are not truſted? Oh my fate, why was
I borne free? Had I beene bred a ſlave I
Could have ſung in my chaines, nay to have periſh'd
In them had beene dying in my calling, but to fall
From greatneſſe, and without a fault be puniſhd
With the guilty, nay where the guilty ſcape.
Falſe Rhodes my curſe kindle a fire within thee,
The freedome that my ſoule brought thither threw me
Into her dangers, which their cowardiſe
Had made ſuch certaine ruine in their apprehenſion
That not one amongſt them had man enough
To looke upon their feares, I then a God was held

Becauſe

Because I durst venture this to become a sacrifice. *Exit*

Enter Selucus solus.

Sel. Yee gods by what wayes or markes should me
Follow what is good, when vertue her selfe
Does not always keepe one path, when *Claracilla*
Which has all I know of vertue, shall quit
The godlike attribute of truth, and the guard
Which innocence secures her from impious men with,
And flye for safetie to an excuse, she denyd
My visit at the price of a lye, and at
That rate of sinne bought a strangers company;
Olinda assures me hee's at this time with her:
But why doe I thus without danger barke
Against him, and let this tree without a roote thus lye
That can beare me no more fruit stand in my prospect
It shall not, I will see her, and since she can
So put off her honour, as to lye for one man,
Who knowes but she may lie with more? *Exit*

Enter Melintus and Claracilla.

Mel. You have now heard all the passages of my life
Since that sad day we parted to this happy houre
Which if poore *Philemon* had liv'd to see
How happy had we three beene.

Cla. Have you not heard of him, since his losse at *Rhodes*?
Doe you beleeve him dead?

Mel. My love makes me beleeve what I feare, for he
Had many wounds, besides I know his ransome
Would have pleasd the Conqueror better then his bond
For they were Pirats, but no more of this
Sad subject now.

Cla. Oh *Melintus* grow not weary of mentioning a friend,
Tho it be sad 'tis joy, and let that beare
The weighe, had *Philemon* liv'd to have seene me
And *Melintus* left, we should have buried our dayes

In

n your ſtory ere ſuffer'd thy name to have paſſ'd
nmention'd, *Philemon* to his friend a lambe
nd in ſuch ſoftneſſe he alwayes wore his Lyons heart;
hilemon whoſe youth had growth with us, a plant
y the ſame hand ſet, a flower from our owne ſtocke;
nd all his ſweetneſſe a kin to us, and we
ught to be ally'd to his misfortunes, but why doe I
each *Melintus*, tis boldly done to give lawes to him
hat is ſuch a maſter in the rights of friendſhip.
She weepes.

Mel. To let you ſee I love *Philemon*, I doe not grudge
im that precious dew, and gentle *Claracilla*,
itneſſe my ſoule hath one conſent with yours,
ee I can beare you company in your owne Sex.

Cla. Oh yee gods he weepes; *Melintus* weepes
hat agonie muſt this noble youth feele
hen his ſoule ſweats ſuch drops, pardon me for
hus ſtirring thy griefe.

Mel. Doe not thinke I left the ſubject becauſe
I was weary of the diſcourſe, or could
nough mention *Philemon* that durſt be my friend
hen 'twas certaine ruine, and now hees dead,
breake no truſt to tell you the cauſe was a greater
Tie then any effect it had, know *Philemon*
as in love with *Claracilla*, and 'twas with *Claracilla*.
nd not himſelfe, for when by my truſt he
ound your ſoftneſſe and receiv'd impreſſion
rom my conſtant love, and you were pleaſ'd to call me
our *Melintus*, I became his too, and to ſerve us
n our wiſhes was all the heaven he aym'd at;
nd now my ſoule either you muſt conſtitue me
nworthy or elſe grant ſuch daring courage
nd ſuch fearefull love as *Philemon* commanded
Could never ſinke from the ſoule of *Melintus*.

Cla. Since *Melintus* hath begun, take my confeſſion
too;

Know

Know I saw it long agoe and decreed
Rewards of friendship for the noble youth,
For when 'twas beyond my power to cure, it had
Beene cruelty to have inquir'd the paine, and therefor
Would not see what I pittied, and now
You have all the secrets of my heart, those of joy
This friendship multiplies, and those of griefe
Thus thou divid'st thy paine— *Enter Olinda*

Mel. Oh lay thy whole weight here.

Olin. Madam, Se'ucus upon earnest businesse,
As he pretends, will see you.

Enter Selucus.

Cla. How! will see me, tell him—

Sel. Nothing, he knowes too much Madam,
Tho when my anger, which envie and your cause
Begot, was growne to such a destructive height
That I could not rule it, till it had found
My owne ruine in your frowne, yet a Souldiers
Envie is no sin, nor ought his anger
Be punish'd by his friends, when he appeares
Not in love with his fault, nor seekes to justifie it.
This day I beg leave to crave your pardon
For my offence, you refusd my visit, and made
An excuse to admit this; Madam 'twill be no glory
To you, that you could withstand these seiges, which
Silvander and my selfe laid against you
By many services when it shall be knowne
You were o'recome by a single one, and yeelded
At first sight.

Cla. Selucus when I take you for my friend Ile
Take your counsel, and not till then. for the
Services you urge they have beene alwayes dresst
So in commands that they appear'd unbecomming.

Sel. Madam, you did not looke with equall eyes
Vpon them, else their passion would have appeard
Their greatest beauty, and I never spoke

Lover

oves language more then when I was leaſt a Poet.
Cla. The love of Subjects is the reward of duty,
nd thoſe whom we pay we doe not thanke;
he hireling ought to ſerve.
Sel. Madam, you ſpeake as if I ſerv'd for bread,
nd forget that Subjects are heavens ſervants,
nd 'tis the gods that appoint us Kings, and I
m doom'd to it, not want that makes me weare
he livery of ſubject, which you are not exempt from;
ut I wonder what mighty Prince this is
hat thus vouchſafes to hide himſelfe.
Cla. This is inſolence here.
Mel. Your pardon Madam tis my Q. your Sex cannot
ſtrike. (me
And 'twas the reſpect which this place claimes made
cand thus long his marke, now to you who this
econd time with ſcorne looke upon my temper,
When a calme has hid it, know in the beſt
Of all thy ill acts thy love, thou art a ſlave
hat durſt hope this Princeſſe would be food for ſer-
vants;
And tho thy fawning on thy maſters feet
Have beene cheriſh'd ſo that thou haſt left
Their crummes there, and art now ſet by him
Snatching at his owne diſh.
Sel. This to me.
Mel. Yes to thee, which haſt now begun thy lap
Which I propheſie will end at his throate,
Nor are ſuch dogs ſtrange in this ſtate, remember
Yeſterday when one of that hated breed
Fell unpittied.
Sel. Sure you doe take me for a coward, you durſt not
Vrge me thus elſe.
Mel. No Sir that would ſecure you, nor doe I beleeve
Tho you have many faults, coward any of them.
Sel. Ile waite you in the garden. *Exit.*
Mel.

Mel. He follow you---
Madam let not this threatned storme fright you,
Your interest lies in the securitie
Of my innocence which cannot fall here,
Cla. Oh that *Melintus* would heare my reasons
For what I say, e're accuse me for having
Too much woman in my suite, and then
I would tell him he must not fight, at least not now.
Mel. Not fight? my honour is concern'd.
Cla. And my honour is concern'd 'twill looke like
Fighting for me, I hope *Melintus* will not
Set that at stake against opinion, especially
When his courage is so farre from being a question
It is become a Proverbe, besides tho yee conquer
Yee are lost, you see his interest in my father
Makes him not looke with justice on your merits,
And to kill his creature may threaten your owne ruine
But these arguments have their period in feares still,
And therefore Ile not urge the reasons they bring
As of force against the danger that honour threatens.
Mel. And those that come not so attended are commands
To *Melintus* who covets onely to keepe his beauties
That you may not be put to make excuses for your love.
Cla. Then gently thus let me prevaile with you
To appoint a further day to determine this angry question,
Whilst I acquaint my father with his ambitious hopes
Which he not dreames are levell'd at me, and
Consequently the Crowne, Ile tell him of
His insolence here, and at that battaile, then urge
The late treason and bid him call to minde
The dangers that Traytors hopes threaten
Which sprung from this roote, I know 'twill startle
His soule, and if it faile, to ruine him,
Yet 'twill take the edge o'the Kings faith off

From

rom vvhat he ſayes, and with Iealous eyes will
ooke upon his growing greatneſſe, and when
e is thus ſhooke, thus parted from the Cedar
hat ſhelters him, then let thy juſtice power
ſtorme upon his head, and now by the powre
Melintus hath given me, I command him deliver
is honour for a time into my protection;
his (if I have not appeard too careleſſe
Of mine owne) you cannot deny me.

Mel. You have o'recome me, take my honour, which
have preſerv'd through thouſand hazzards
freely give it to you, and now reſt
ecure, I am yours for ever, for my love
And honour being gone, what reſts it fit for now,
I will not meete this angry man, his inſolence
Shall have juſtice on her ſide, and I will give
Him cauſe to ſcorne me.

Cla. Melintus ſhootes his preſents, and then they wound,
Not oblige, courteſies done unwillingly
Is throwing the frozen into the fire, where
Too much heate kills the charitie, and proves
But altering, not reſcuing the danger.

Mel. Pardon deereſt if you finde me unverſ'd
In the way that leades to diſhonour, for tho
I ſubmit to your reaſon, yet *Selucus*
Nor the world to whom he will barely tell
The thought will not know what argument
With-held me.

Cla. Pray obey me without diſpute
And I hope this clowd is all that is left
Of many that lowr'd upon our joyes, and we
Shall ſee a cleare evening yet to crowne our wiſhes fare well *Exit.*

Enter Selucus.

Sel. Hence love, and thy pale dew be gone,

Revenge and her beautious purple, 'tis to thee I bow
Love cannot now reach my ends, tho at first
I ſtalk'd with it, 'twas indeede a proper nurſe
And rock'd the cradle, whil'ſt my deſignes were young.
But now they walke alone, waited on by reſolutions
And confident of their ſtrength: I neede not thy ſucke
Nor milky miracles to confirme my faith
Nor ought they meant tho ill be layd to me
For to dare, ſpeakes the great ſoule, not the ſucceſſe,
For Prophets well ſeene in things to come
Have bin themſelves o'retaken with an unknown doom
But ſtay, the buſineſſe now in hand requires
My being preſent here ——— y'are ſomething ſlow

Enter Meliorus.

In juſtifying, tho quicke in doing injuries,
Sure you beleeve me, the dog you cal'd me;
You would not have made me write thus elſe.

Mel. 'Tis true, injuries are things I am ſlow
To juſtifie as commit, they are commonly
The children of choller, and ſuch baſtard iſſue
Shames the parents, and if through weakeneſſe
At any time I get them, I hide them
If I can with ſatisfaction.

Sel. Words are too neere a kin to heale words, your ſword.
Hath a more certaine cure; and I repaire to that,
Draw; doe yee not underſtand the word? draw.

Mel. Firſt heare me, that I came uninvited
And now am going without taking leave,
Shewes 'twas choiſe put me upon theſe hazards
Not neceſſitie, and that I dare fight
I have it written in my face, here under
My enemies hand to witneſſe, and ſuch torne enſignes
Till the bearer find no dangers let that ſatisfie
'Tis not feare binders my hands, & yet I will not fight.

Sel. 'Twas the cauſe I ſee gave you fire, and I

m asham'd to call that man enemy, which I must
wice bid draw his sword, which doe, or Ile kill thee.
Mel. I will not fight.
Sel. You will not fight, by my life Ile kill thee then,
Mel. When I will not fight any one may doe it,
ut when I will you cannot, and once agen
tell thee I will not fight, nor dar'st thou kill me.
Sel. Not dare! Why what hast thou about thee that
an protect thee from the justice that this brings.
Mel. Thou hast about thee that protects me, and tho
hate thee, yet I can be just.
Sel. Doe me justice and not speake it, and if that she
e in thy power, draw her sword, 'tis her proper
mbleme, or by my anger thou art lost, nor shall
This neare kinde of Coward save thee, turne and doe
not
Tempt me, turne I say, or by him that rules
The day Ile kill thy fame too, with a cowards wound
in thy backe.
Mel. Thou dar'st not doe it, I know thou wilt not
Take so little for thy honour, it cost thee too deare
To be sold so cheape, to take a naked life
That's undefended fort, thou seest I am
Resolv'd not to fight to day, so bound by resolution
That coward could not loose it, therefore in vaine
Thou temptst me.
Sel. Why the devill did you take this resolution
Against me that long to fight with thee.
Mel. 'Tis but for a time.
Sel Will you then hereafter.
Mel. Yes by all my hopes, and nothing but this
Resolution then in thee shall protect one of us
Sel Till this fit be over then, Ile leave you. *Exit.*
Mel. 'Tis strange having both one businesse, our way
Should lye so severall, *Claracilla* thy commands
Can put me into any forme that can bow me thus. *Exit.*

Enter Carillus.

Sel. Was the Prince in the garden when you left him

Car. Yes my Lord and he had newly parted
With the King, hee's this morning to make his visit
To the Princesse, your Lordship is appointed by the King
To accompany him.

Sel. You saw not *Olinda* since.

Car. No my Lord.

Sel. Goe finde her, and tell her of this visit,
Bid her single her selfe from the company
Tell her I must speake with her this morning,

Exit Carillus.

Claracilla will thinke me very bold
To dare thus soone to presse into her presence,
But no matter, her thoughts have now no power
To punish me that have set my selfe free:
Nor will I agen stand in awe of ought
But what power that does create the cause
As well as beget the feare, that power that made
Fate faile, and yet his servant; there I will
Pay all I have for feare, here to tremble
Is to feare the Idoll I my selfe have made. *Exit.*

Enter Claracilla, and Olinda.

Ol. Madam the Prince without attended with
Seleucus desires to kisse your hand.

Cla. Waite him in, this Prince is in report a man
Of noble soule, I guesse his businesse, and
Must with paine impose, that which will sound
What depth of honour is in him---he comes.

Enter Appius and Selucus.

Ap. Now this storme is blowne over, which thus long
In clouds has hid your vertues, and you
Begin to breake like your selfe to us *Appius* is come
Tho unconfident in the successe labouring

W

With ambitious hopes to begge you will give
The services of his life, leave to waite
Upon your happy dayes.
Cle. Noble Prince,
Be pleas'd to lend me so much favour as
To heare a suite that I must blushing make
Ere you proceede, and to your owne eare onely,
And if you please retire with me I shall
Acquaint you with it.
Ap. Command me Madam. *Exit.*
Sel. *Olinda* a word with you.
Ol. This way then. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Claracilla and Appius.

Cla. Sir 'twas his counsell thus by a trust to oblige you
To be our friend rather then by injuries
Which has beene the common way to decline your pretentions.
Ap. 'Twas charitably done not to let my hopes
Lead me too much astray, and since 'tis to
So gallant a rivall as *Melintus* I
Shall without envy, tho not paine lay downe my hopes.
Enter Olinda overhearing this discourse.
Cla. Hee's now in Court but yet unknowne
'Tis the stranger that yesterday made such way
To my rescue, at first I fled him that with
Such love pursued, for his disguise kept me
Ignorant who it was, within I shall acquaint you
With our designe and beg your counsell, and some time
This night I would speake with him in the garden.
Ap. I shall not faile to serve you. *Exit.*

Ol. This ſtranger, is he the man, and muſt you meet him
In the Garden this night, this ſhall to *Seleucus*,
I am ſure of my pay, for I have my reward already. *Exit.*

Enter Seleucus.

Sel. I ſee 'tis neither ſo eaſie nor ſafe to be a villaine
As I thought, 'tis true, wicked any foole may be
But to be a villaine and maſter in that art,
Oh the baſeneſſe that we ſtoppe to, the hated meanes,
The loath'd ſubjects, that with Chimiſts patience
We muſt extract our ends through, and when
The worke's done, we have but whet the ſword
Of juſtice, and with our owne hands puld downe
Vnpittied doomes, the thought ſtrike amazement
Into my ſoule, which hath not yet conſented
To my ills, what ſhall not I fall to, that
Could conſent for the knowledge of a ſecret
To make my ſelfe the ſteps by which a whore
Climb'd to her ambitious luſt, the baſeneſſe
Of the Act hath wak'd my ſleeping honour, and
Ile be honeſt, e're Ile agen pay ſuch a rate
For ſinne, no love 'tis thy crueltie has
Begot this diſtraction. *Enter Olinda.*

Ol. Ha! upon the ground, up my *Seleucus*,
I am yet breathleſſe, my love in her deſcent
Hath made ſuch haſte that it begot a fire
In the ſwift motion that had like to have
Burnt our *Cupids* wings.

Sel. What ayles thee?
Is it impudence or diſtraction
Begets this boldneſſe, what is that thou thus
Labourſt with, has it a name?

Ol. It had a name, and 'twas cal'd a ſecret whilſt
But by two knowne, and *Claracilla's* ſecret
But it ſhall become a generall knowledge
I over-heard it when ſhe gave it to the Prince,

And

And by this name, the onely ſecret of my heart;
Shee's in love, and by honour engag'd, does that move you?
When you know to whom, your love will ſacrifice her
To your anger, 'tis the ſtranger, and but that
Her baſhfulneſſe could not name him aloud
I now might have told you who was, for
She nam'd him, and this night he is to meete
Her in the garden, the Prince is there too
And none but I faithfull to *Seleucus*,
Now doe I rave or no.

Sel. No my *Olinda*, 'tis I that rave and beg
Of one that lives upon anothers almes.

Ol. Thus would I ſacrifice the gods, ſhould they
Scorne what I love.

Sel. Thou art my goddeſſe,

Ol. Will *Seleucus* then be juſt and reward that faith
Which thus has flowne o're theſe poyſonous plants,
And from them with danger ſuck'd this hony ſecret,
Would he I ſay be juſt and give me leave
To unlade this precious dew in his gentle boſome
And there finde my hive when I returne
From travelling in his ſervice.

Sel. Thou ſhalt have any thing, but be gone now,
'Twill breede ſuſpition to be ſeene with me.
Art certaine they are to meete to night?

Ol. Be gone *Seleucus* there was more diſcretion
Then love in thar injunction urge me not
To jealouſie, for I that could betray a Miſtris
And a friend for love of thee ſo if injur'd
I would have thee know for my revenge my love
Shall goe, but I hope better and obay it. *Exit.*

Sel. This the King ſhall know, yeeld at firſt blow,
'Tis worſhipping a ſtranger God, and a nunne
In honour tho he were ſo,----but ſtay who

Enter Appius and Melintus.

Are these, the Prince and the stranger, he is
Of their party, as I could wish; I hope
'Twill ruine him too.

Mel. Be pleas'd to urge it
As a things you are displeas'd with, and that
The Princesse made it her complaint, and desir'd you
You would acquaint his Majestie with it, and Sir
When you have compleated this worke, which thus nobly
You have begun and finish'd your creation,
Command us and our happinesse, as the creature
That owes his being to your favour.

Ap. Noble *Melintus* when I have serv'd you 'twill
Be pay the expectation your civill faith
Gives me credit for.

Mel. Locke *Selaeus*, Sir
His eares I hope have not met our words, your
Pardon Sir, Ile step off ere I am discover'd,
After I have this night waited on the Princesse
In the garden, I shall in your chamber acquaint you
With all our proceedings, and there hope to heare
How the King entertaines the complaint against
This great man, 'tis the first step to a favorites fall
When the Prince will heare complaints, I kisse your hand. *Exit.*

Sel. This Letter will make me not to have seene them
Dissimulation doe thou assist me, and I'le breake
As it were from a cloud of thoughts and chance
That threw me into this way, my Lord the Prince
Whether so fast with your spoyle, me thinkes I see
Conquest in your eyes! how did the Princesse
Entertaine your noble offer, doe you not finde
The path that leades to her heart untrod by
Lovers feete, were not her guard of blushes
Cald to defend her against your assault

Loves

Loves treaties my Lord are ſtrangers to her
Maiden yeares.

Ap. Againſt impious men this Sanctuary is no guard
Elſe the reſerv'd modeſty with the priviledge
Of birth and beautie that waite upon the Princeſſe
Might have defended her againſt your ſawcy flames
Which too late have aym'd at the top of thy Maſters
houſe,
But that injury was not ſo great as this
That thou durſt thinke thy poyſon would not breake
Her Chriſtall, but with this injurious hope beleeve
She ſhould conceale thy inſolence, which Ile ſpread.
Exit.

Sel. Ha! is it come to this?
Either prevent this danger or thou art loſt *Selucus.*
The Prince is flying with my ruine to the King,
Thankes yet to his Choler that thus has arm'd me,
Paſſion is no deadly weapon, we heare
His noyſe before he does execution, and then we arme;
Now my braine be ready with excuſes
Thy womans weapons to defend me. *Exit.*

Enter King, Appius and Attendants.

King. Is it poſſible?

Ap. Sir if it pleaſe you but
To goe to your daughters chamber you ſhall yee
Finde the ſtorme not laid which her anger raiſ'd
To thinke ſuch a ſcorne ſhould be deſign'd for her.

King. Some one goe finde *Selucus*, and command him
Hither immediatly, wee'le take him with us,
And by all our gods the poyſonous ingratitude
Shall burſt him.

Selucus within.

Sel. I cannot ſtay for I have
Earneſt buſineſſe with the King, are yee ſure
He is not in the lodgings, in your returne
You ſhall finde me in the garden, if I meete him there.

Enter Selucus.

Hold *Carillus* the Kings here.

King. Selucus.

Sel. Sir, I have beene this morning in search of you
I have a busnesse for your owne eare only,
Let your Guard attend Sir.

King. Yes it shall stay: noble *Appius* your pardon,
Ile meete you at my daughters. *Exit Appi.*

Sel. This morning I have discover'd.

King. So have I, that which thou shalt rue fond wretch.

Sel. Sir.

King. Impudence;
With what brow darst thou thus meete my fury?
Think'st thou to scape? art thou againe raysing
New treason? e're the fire has consum'd the sacrifice
For our delivery; and to put my preservation
Into the power of a miracle onely to releeve me:
No thou shalt finde thy ingratitude hath destroyd
My mercy, and begot an anger that
Shall consume thee, seize him.

The Guard seizes on Selucus.

Sel. That you have the power of the gods I am subject
To your thunder is confest, but my innocence protect me
As I yet know not the cause why it singles me out,
'Tis true I came to see you dresst like *Iove*,
For now 'tis just you weare your lightning, but not for me,
Who have with longing sought you to deliver
The greatest service that ever yet my faith
Pleaded reward for, but why yet thus meet me
In displeasure heaven strike me if I can guesse
Nor doe I beleeve I am guiltie, for you proceede
Not with me as if I were a delinquent.

The

The worſt of which are heard e're condemn'd, but
I ſee you repent your favours, and deſire my fall,
Which is the time I ought not to out-live
And therefore by this wound Ile pleade my faith
And readineſſe to ſerve. *He offers to ſtab himſelfe.*
King. Diſarme him.
Sel. They cannot, but when I am gone youl'e heare
A miſchiefe my life might have prevented.
King. Hold or I ſhall conclude thy feare of deſerv'd
Tortour makes thee thus by a ſudden ſtroake
Exempt thy ſelfe.
Sel. Feare, no I feare but one more then a King
Trembles at, that's the gods, and him, ſo let
You ſee I apprehend, not tortor, thus
I throw away all dangers that my owne
Act threatens, and if you be juſt you will
Let me know the cauſe of your anger e're it ſtrikes.
King. Were not you this morning with my daughter
And there made the traytrous offer of your love.
Sel. Yes.
King. Yes! darſt thou avow it, and know'ſt how lately
That danger threaten'd our ruine.
Sel. Will you be pleas'd to heare me, if I be guiltie
Puniſh me, if not give me leave to tell you
A King can onely cure ſuch a wound as this
Your ſuſpition hath given my diligent faith
Which has ever beene watchfull in your ſervice.
King. Speake, let him looſe.
Sel. Know Sir tho I am amaz'd to finde this newes
Before me I came now from the Princeſſe chamber
Drawne thither by an occaſion, which if you pleaſe
To lend an eare to I am confident
You will ſay I had reaſon for what I did.
King Can you prove this.
Sel. Can I prove it, yes Sir I can prove it,

Kin:

But Iealouſie is a weede, whoſe root lies ſo many wayes
That if once it take growth it is hardly digged out,
And this ſad truth of once ſuſpected, and never confident
Is falne upon me, elſe what I ſhall ſay
Would finde a faith with you, but I deſire not
To have my word now cleare me, take but my counſell
And I ſhall give you your owne ſatisfaction:
Seeme ſtill to frowne on me, and require
Not the Princeſſe company this night in the Court,
The reſt Sir in your care--- will this confirme
They whiſper.
I am loyall and by ſeverall wayes
Hunt your ſafetie.

King Come *Seleucus* this trouble ſhewes thy loyalty,
Th'art my friend and ſhalt ever have an intereſt here.
Exit.

Sel. Yes I will have an intereſt in the Crowne
What ever I have in thee, and now thou beleev'ſt
Th'art ſafe, thy dangers but begin. *Exit.*

Enter Tullius, Philemon aſleepe on the Stage

Tull. 'Tis a brave cleare night, and ſomething may
Be attempted from the Towne, we muſt keepe
A ſtrong watch to night.--- how now--whom have we here. *He ſtumbles at Philemon and kickes him.*
Arouze, up I ſay.

Phi. Whoe's there? lye downe, yee gods one would thinke
This bed were large enough, if the earth be not
Where ſhall the wretched lye, that thus yee kicke me
Out for want of roome.

Tul. Vp I ſay ſtand leave your ſnarling yee dogge,
Sleeping in your watch.

Phi If I be a dogge why ſhould I be puniſh'd
For obeying nature, the onely dictie that beaſts bow to
If not, why am I reſtrayn'd the benefit of reaſon.

Tul.

Tul. Are you grumbling, looke to your duty you'le finde
You have uſe for other thoughts, *Exit.*
Phi. Oh heavens, why doe you thus load a youth
I was not proud when I was bow'd to, nor
Ever with repinings did I bow to you,
Why then on my free borne ſoule doe you lay
The load of ſlavery, and thus let your juſtice
Sleepe that ſhe does not now guide my prayers
But ſuffers them to loſe their way 'twixt heaven
And my ſufferings, which I have beene ſo long acquainted with
That I am now growne a kinne unto my woes
Allyd unto my oare, where I have ſet
Forc'd to unwilling haſt, ſighing for my freedome
Till through a thouſand eyes I have ſweating wept
My miſeries, Oh looke downe in time upon them
E're I yeeld to thoſe irreligious thoughts
That tempt me to queſtion my beleefe;
For yee cannot blame me if I grow weary
Of praying when I finde that mighty power
That threw me here; want mercy to breake the ſnare.

Enter Manlius and Tullius.

Man. Strike an Anchor through the body of this ſlave,
A' has not hurt you I hope.
Tul. No has miſt me.
Man. What urg'd the villaine to this bold undertaking
Tu. The opportunitie that might be offered
And the unpreparedneſſe of the towne made him attempt it.
For his freedome, I know not elſe.
Man. Looke that to morrow early as the day
The cock be ſacrifie'd to the parting ſhades that their blacke power
May ſtill be friendly to our deliverance.

And

And dee heare let him be broke upon an Anchor,
That on hopes emblem the wretch may meete
His despairing crosse, when dogs thus flie upon
Their masters, 'tis just we strangle them, neither
Their kinde nor use consider'd, goe *Tullus*
Let the watch be set, and some good guard
Put into the wood to secure the passage
From the towne. *Tull.* It shall.
Man. *Tullius* did the Peasant say the King
Was crown'd agen, and the usurper dead
And the Princesse to be married to a stranger
That came in aide of the King.
Tul. So the fellow sayes for certaine.
Man. To morrow then wee'le fit us with our disguise
And to court wee'le goe, for now vertue sits
At Helme, and holds the purse, gratitude will
Finde some reward for me that wish'd well to her
Power, for this night see the Gally at Roads,
And when the watch is set, to rest, and to morrow
Call at my Cabbin.
Tul. I shall. *Exit.*
Man. Lie you there, and let no body without exception
Trouble me till I call, unlesse some danger
Threaten, then give me notice. *Exit.*
Phi. Me thinkes in this youth I reade mine owne fortune
Whose Crosse fate hath forfeited him to eternall bonds
For stoutly attempting his freedome, which if ever
It comes within my power, here stands another
Mark'd for sacrifice, if a' faile, for death
Frights not me, nor binds the innocent
But comes to set them free, I cannot let it
Sinke with patience to my thoughts, I have not
Man enough not Religion to continue
An acquaintance with that vertue that slyes endure,

When

When I consider I was borne a Prince
By the consent of all distinguish from
A Chaos of common people, created their head
And so stood the man of men till this misfortune
Strucke me in. which I am not sure I shall
Have a burying place, for a slave can call
So little in this world his owne, that the very earth
He weares about him, is not his, nor can
I command this handfull, not this--- not mine owne
Clay
But lost like yesterday, when my Masters fit comes
I fall and all resolve to the first masse of things. *Exit*

Enter Melintus, Claracilla, Olinda, and Timillus.

Cla. So now leave us, and if any body aske for me
Say I am layd to rest.

Ol. I shall, and where you rest too. *Exit*

Mel. Deere *Timillus* is *Iacomo* ready with our horses

Tim. He is, he waites at the Posterne.

Mel. Let us not lose a minute of this pretious time
then
'Twill be a reward for thy faith too, when they shall say
Timillus had a hand in this great worke,
Prethee let thy friendship secure the passage
That leades from the Kings lodgings.

Tim. So now have I an honorable excuse to take cold with, 'tis a strange bold venture he makes, and a confident vertue that of hers, that dares trust themselves in the hands of my opinion. when I am alone, to guesse how they meane so employ this opportunitie,

Mel. Gentle soule 'tis not the feare of my particulas
That makes me urge this sad parting, but your interest.
Which is joyn'd to it, and when you are concern'd
'Tis a civilitie to feare, and an obligation to doubt.
My joyes, for *Claracilla* knowes despaire
Is no sinne in loves religion.

Cla. Let me not understand thee, nor let not reason
Binde

Binde up what you urge, Oh *Meliatus*
'Tis the first time that ever I was griev'd
To heare thee in the right, and you must pardon it,
For tho parting be the onely way to
Confirme my joy, I cannot consent at such a rate,
To buy my happinesse.

Mel. Thus you encrease the wish'd number of my bonds
The Prince untill my returne will observe all
Your commands, and assist us in our escape
And by his favour countenance the act
For *Mecena*, if my father commanded there in chiefe
I could not hope a greater power then I
Am confident *Pellus* will allow your worth
And e're this Moone hath felt her change, I will
Agen attend you with the Gallies.

Cla. Must you then be gone, and agen with absence
Spinne our loves into a thread which is fastned to our fates,
I hope that no distance may finde the end,
Say must you goe, must it needes be so.

Mel. I would there were not such a strict necessitie
But that I might say no.

Cla. Well since it must be resolv'd, but not contented
I submit unto my fate, and thou Lawrell tree,
Which so oft hast beene a witnesse of our sad parting
If within thy barke the angry god hath
With the trembling virgin any of his passion hid
Thou know'st what paine they feele, that with longing love
Follow their flying joyes, and see, looke *Meliatus*
Casting my eye by chance I have spyed one of
The witnesses of our infant love, doe you remember
When we changed our Characters, and with them printed
Our faith on the yeelding barke, 'twas then but a small scratch.

We

We gave, but now like our miseries by time encreas'd
'Tis in her tender side to a large wound growne.
Mel. Why should we not for ever grow thus, why
should the gods
With thunder part what themselves have joyn'd,
We that have knowne but one wish, and to each others
thoughts
Have parents beene why should we not thus gazing sit
And tie with kinde smiles soft fetters for the eye?
But 't is cannot be, and therefore heare me pronounce
My owne doome, farewell, but e're I obey
This sad necessitie let me on your faire hand
Print my faith, and with holy vowes binde my selfe to
thee.
Cla Oh hold give me no contract gentle *Meliew*, no
Ties but love, these are bonds I scorne to throw
On such who from mine eyes can goe.
Enter King, Selucus, Carillus and Attendants.
Sel. Have I perform'd or no?
King. Yes, *Claracilla* this Act when the story shall be
written
Will not appeare so kind unto the rest
That have had honour and duty still their guide
And not thus led astray by passion.
Cla. Sir I must not be beate from my strength here
Tho you frowne, a fault I confesse but dishonour
Has no share in't.
King. Sir you came a friend and you are a stranger
Nor will I whilst I labour to punish commit a fault
By being ungratefull, or breake the lawes of
Hospitalitie by laying hands upon you,
Onely thus much the injuries you have done me
And the Prince bids me tell you, if to morrowes Sunne
Set upon you within my court, his shades
Will bring thine upon thee. *Exit King, Cla, Atten.*
Sel. Revenge that't prosperous, and in my anger

Th

This is loft, craft, be thou as friendly to
My deſignes upon that ſhallow Prince, and I
Alone ſtand faire for *Claracilla*, Ile watch
How it workes, oh how heel'e fume anon.
Mel. The wound that amazement gives ſtrikes all our ſences,
And like lightning deſtroyes without a breach:
But yet I ſee ſome foode for my revenge,
And whilſt that fuell laſts, this flame ſhall not
Periſh *Seleucus* come backe, and let your friend ſtay.
Sel. Camillus ſtay, your fit is off then I perceive
And you can be angry upon your owne ſcore
And fight when women are not by.
Mel. Yes thou ſhalt finde I can fond man, and the
Flame that thou haſt kindled in my breſt I
Will husband ſo that it ſhall conſume thee,
And neither hold it ſo high to looſe it
In my choller nor ſo low as to let patience
Tread it out.
Sel. Spare your threats, your words wound not, when I refuſe
To fight upon a ſtrange reſolution
Then rand or rayle, and Ile excuſe it.
Mel. No I am no rayler, I could wiſh thee rather
A more glorious enemy one whoſe name ſcandall
Of no kinde had ever lighted, by my life
I wiſh it, and that thou wert cleare from this
Baſe act, whoſe weight has ſunke all the honour
That ſwam in thy blood, and I am aſham'd
To thinke this neceſſitie freeth me
To offer one ſo lame in honour, and in paſſion
Blinde to the power I worſhip, for the imperfect
Are not fit for ſacrifice.
Sel. I hope you have none of theſe faults, but will become
An Altar, leade the way, and you ſhall finde

Seleucus

Selucus dares follow without being pul'd to ſlaughter

Mel. Vnder the woods ſide that borders on the haven
Will be a fit place, 'tis neare the towne, and
I beleeve in the night free from company.

Sel. There Ile meete you then.

Tim. Is't, is't, to him, ſo now they come within my way to put in, I am no good talker, but when opinions are to be maintain'd thus I thinke I have as ſtrong an argument as another. *Exit*

Enter Claracilla and Olinda.

Cla. Haſte to Prince *Appius*, deſire him he would
Immediatly come and ſpeake with me. *Exit Olinda.*
Oh me moſt miſerable, this night has ruin'd me,
My fame was like a ſtarre, bright and fixt in
The Court till this ſad hower, which hath prov'd my
Ioyes a meteor, but if my *Melintus* fall
My night at court is come, in the vaſt element
Ile ſhoote and be no more remembred. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Timillus, Selucus and Carillus ſeverally.

Tim. See here comes two of the long ſtaffe men that ſtrucke ſo deſperatly under the hedge to night, I hope to apprehend one of 'em by vertue of this warrant.

Mel. Bold and injurious *Selucus* ſtill.

Sel. Let your anger paſſe, and heare me what I ſay
For this is the laſt talke Ile have with thee
What e're thou art, ſince firſt thou croſſd these eyes,
A jealous envie hath waited upon thee, and
I have gain'd my ends, 'twas to ſee whether conqueſt
Grew upon thy ſword or no, when this not us'd
To loſe, ſhould goe forth thy enemy, and rivall,
And therefore guard thee, and with thy ſword
Onely make reply.
'Tis my wiſh, for words are not the weapons I fight with. *They fight.*

Tim. Doe you heare *Carillus*, may not you and I fall to this feaſt

Before

Before your Lord has dyn'd.

Car. Yes and be mine owne carver too.

Tim. That I beleeve, for I ever tooke thee for a sawcy serving man. *They fight, Selucus wounded by Melintus.*

Sel I am lost.

Mel. Does your loade sinke you? thy faults will grow To heavy anon.

Sel. I know no fault, but that I am unfortunate

Car. Lie there talker. *Timillus falls.*

Tim. A pox upon thee thast dont.

Mel Yeeld or by my hopes.

In thy heart Ile write my conquest. *Selucus falls.*

Sel. Strike dogge, Ile be dam'd E're Ile have so base a sinne to answer for

They struggle and Carillus parts 'em just as Melintus disarmes Selucus.

Car. Hold or I'le write the same story here.

Mel. Ha! *Timillus* saine! tho it speakes thy praise, My friend calls for revenge, and thus I bring it.

They fight.

Car. I feare no single arme.

Sel. Be prosperous *Carillus* and I will call Thee friend, the saver of my fame --- 'twill not be

Carillus wounded by Melintus.

That wound hath sent me frowning to my home.

Selucus swounds.

Tim. A pox of fortune, have I scap'd them so often to be serv'd in thus like broken cold meate for the serving men, I finde I cannot live, I begin to have serious

He strives to rise but cannot:

thoughts, no faith I am gone, I alwayes fear'd such sober wounds as these, they are in such earnest I know they'le

Carillus falls.

kill me, if they would endure jests, there were some hopes.

Car. Hold if thou hast honour, and tell me who thou art That

That ſtrik'ſt with ſuch a conſtant fortune.

He runnes to Timillus.

Mel. I have no leaſure now, Oh *Timillus*
Speake to thy unfortunate friend, whoſe acquaintance
Hath never brought thy faith to any thing
But miſery and dangers, how doſt? I hope,
Thy wounds are not mortall.

Tim. No nor our troubles would they were that we might once ſee an end of them--- *Within follow,* But no more of this now, I heare a noyſe, and I know we ſhall be purſu'd, therefore make haſte and flie.

Mel. For ſhame urge like thy ſelfe, if thou would'ſt have me
Take thy counſell, bring my friend into a danger
And leave him there; no *Timillus* we
Grew friends, and we will fall together.

Tim. Leave me and provide for thy ſafetie, or by my life
Ile betray thee and tell who thou art, nor
Will I if thou ſtay'ſt attempt the poſſibilitie
Of my owne cures, death becauſe I could not
Kill my enemy muſt I deſtroy my friend?

Mil. Why thus paſſionate?

Tim. If *Melintus* lovd me he would obay
The paſſion of his friend, and not chide. *Within follow.*
Harke you will be taken, ſtep into the wood
And in ſome diſguiſe you may come to court

Mel. Farewell *Timillus* I obay. *Exit.*

Enter King, Appius and Attendants.

1. *At.* This way they went Sir, and here lies one.

King. *Selucus* ſlaine.

Ap. And here lies *Carillus.*

King. Who's the third.

Tim. A bird of the ſame flight that had worſe lucke then my fellowes, for my wings onely broke that I might live miſerable to make ſport for the fooles that laid

laid the ſnare, ſhall I never be ſo happy to be knock'd in the head when 'tis to me a courteſie.

King. The bodies are yet warme, bring them
With all poſſible ſpeede to the towne, that no care
May be wanting to ſave my friend, bring him
Along too, he ſhall finde our love till he
Be well, I will not offer a ruine to my friend
When he is repair'd he will ſcarce be a full
Satisfaction, ſome other purſue the bould
Murderer: if he once come within my reach
He ſhall finde his Sword has no power to protect him
Againſt that which my juſtice weares.

They take up Timillus.

Tim. Thus much honour I am ſure of, but how much more
I know not, doe you my friend.

2. *At.* No Sir, and yet I think you'le finde what you deſerve.

Tim. Y'are courteous and liberall of your opinion and therefore I will not be ſparing of mine, it may be I ſhall be honorably hang'd for having a hand in killing *Seleucus*.

2. *At.* It may be ſo. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus.

A noiſe within.

Enter Philemon, and preſently after him Tullius.

Phi. WHat noyſe is this that thus circles us,

Tul. This noyſe is every where and begirts us round,
Ile goe wake *Manlius* 'twill be worth our care
To ſearch the cauſe.

Phi. Stand, who goes there?

Tul.

Tul. I *Tullius*, have you wak'd the Captaine ?
Phi. No.
Tul. 'Tis time he were. *He offers to go, Phil. holds him.*
Phi. Hold.
Tul. How now!
Phi. 'Twas his command that no man without exception
Should come to him till he had notice, nor
Be cald unleſſe ſome danger threatend.
Tul. Did you not heare the noyſe!
Phi. Yes, but noyſe is none, nor will I call him.
Tul. You will not call him, who am I, that thou
Darſt tempt me thus, call him, and call him quickly,
Or thou ſhalt call thy laſt.
Phi. I ſerve but one maſter, and him I will not call,
Nor ſhall you breake his reſt whilſt I can hinder it
Tul. Doe not play with my anger, by all our gods
With a wound Ile make my way, and it ſhall lye
Over thy belly ſlave if thou provok'ſt me.
Phi. Wounds are eaſily given to naked men
And thou wilt ſooner bring them, then I feare them:
Tullius drawes his Sword.
Tul. Death brav'd by my ſlave, thus villaine, and then
Ile tread under my feet, thy ſcorn'd earth.
Phi. Helpe *Manlius* helpe.
Tul. Vnlooſe thy hold, or by my vext ſoule I'le print
Tullius on the ground, Philemon on him.
Deathes cold ſeale on thy heart.
Phi. I will not looſe, Oh my vow to what ſtrict lawes,
Thou bind'ſt me, elſe here I would throw my bonds
And with thy owne knife cut thy hated throates
Dog thou art more a ſlave then my chaines can make me.
Enter Manlius.
Man. What ſuddaine cry was that that cald for helpe
Ha! the *Rhodian* grabled, how's this and *Tullius* under
Let

Let goe, or Ile part thee with death, is this a posture
For a slave?

Phi. No, If I would have beene a slave
I had beene safe, and you it may be might
Have felt these hurts.

Man. Tullius what meane these wounds.

Phi. Wounds are the food of slaves, else I deserve not these
For my faith, but loyaltie I see is against kinde in me
And therefore I am punish'd for obaying your command
Which was that no man without exception should
Passe this way till I had given notice
Which he would have done, and because I refus'd
Thus my faith's rewarded.

Man. Is this true?

Tul. In part 'tis, the wood this night was full of noyse
And I wak'd with alarum would have given
You notice, and he refus'd to let me passe
And therefore ——

Man. You would have kil'd him, 'twas not
Well, such a pietie as faithfulnesse amongst slaves
Is so rare, it ought have beene cherish'd, not punish'd;
Every day by one act or other this fellow
Begets my wonder, honour and courage still striving
In him, come hither once againe
I command thee tell me who thou art, and
By my life Ile set thee free.

Phi. I see you have honour, and therefore presume
When you shall know I am bound by vow, never
To disclose my selfe whilst I am in bonds, you'le call it
Religion not disobedience, when I refuse to tell.

Man. Wilt thou be faithfull when thou art free.

Phi. I will be faithfull tho not free.

Man. Vow, that and I will immediatly knocke off thy Chaines.

Phi.

Phi. Arme but my hand, and set me free, and then
Ile take a vow, and having sworne faith, all
The earth shall not make me false.

He calls in one that takes off his Chaines, he gives him a Dagger.

Men. Here by this I manumize thee, and if thou prov'st
A gentleman, from henceforth th'art my freind,
Now ever free.

Phi. And sir, your pitty hath thus made my joyes
Put off my feares, that I should forgotten fall
And returne to my mother earth, like her Common
Issue. Thus in returne with eyes to heaven
Bent, and a soule full of gratitude, I vow a
Constant faith to vertue and ———

Enter Melintus pursuing a Souldier, who cryes helpe Arme, and kills him as he enters.

Mel. To what strange fate am I reserv'd, or by
What sinne have I pul'd downe this curse of a
Generall hate, that all pathes I treade are arm'd
Against me! ha! more enemies? Nay then Melintus
Yeeld, for tis visible thou warr'st with heaven.

Men. What art thou, that with such paines
Hast to this place hunted thy ruine, and thus with
Injurious wounds in the dead of night,
Awak'd our anger.

Mel. Prethee goe forward with thy injuries
Such another charme will call backe my anger,
And then I shall be safe, for it hath ever
Yet beene prosperous, tho that successe
Made me unfortunate.

Men. Leave thus vaine gloriously to urge your
Former successe, for twill be no ground now
To build a future conquest on, and therefore
Yeeld thy sword, and quickely, before I command
And thy head, know my power here rules thy fate.

Mel. Yeeld my sword? by what other privilege

Doe I hold my life among my enemies?
Prethee looke upon me; and if thou canst
Reade these Characters theyle tell thee, I was
Not borne to yeeld, tho thou art the glorious Master
Of the sport, and I unfortunate by a crosse fate
I'm hunted into the toyle, where dangers on
All sides begirt my innocence, yet with the Lyon
I dare be angry with my bonds, and altho I may
Become thy prey, yes I will not be thy scorne.

Man. Ile dispute no longer, seize him, if he resist
In his heart seale the stroke of thy freedome.

Philemon goes towards him, and knowes him

Phil. Ha *Melintas!*

Mel He nam'd me, what art thou that cal'st my name
Ye gods, is misery so neere a kin that by instinct
The wretched know me.

Man. How now? what doe you muse on? had you
Daring onely while you were unarm'd.

Phi. No twas a consideration of the basenes of the act
And not feare, made me stop, and the remembrance
That I am free held me from stayning the
Mayden livery that the gods have sent me,
With so base an act, as to strike where ther's
Three to one, besides his posture and his habit
Speakes him a Gentleman, and his misfortunes
Rather to be pitied than encreast.

Mel. A helpe from heaven if this be Reall.

Man. Slave, and ungratefull, thou shalt finde thou hast
Too soone mention'd thy freedome, foole, onely free
In hope, and this act hath but increast thy load
Of chaines, curse thy selfe, for thy increase
Of miseries shall make thee finde th'art more
A slave than ever.

Phi. Doe not deceive thy selfe, looke there, and here

He points to his chaines and shewes his dagger

And ere thou art toss'd in thy anger, here this truth

I speake, he that is master of this and will
Become a slave, must be a coward too.
And now I am arm'd I scorns to cure my freedome
To any but the gods.
Man. Death, dogge, dost thou brave me with my cur-
Draw *Tullius* my thirstie rage will be quench'd
They both draw and runne at Phil.
With nothing but the slaves blood.
Mel. Heaven for ought I know
We are by thy direction thus cast two to two,
If not I me sure by honour we are,
He runs in betweene them, and gives Phi. a sword.
Here take this sword.
Phi. Now *Tullius* thou shalt see how mortall thy
Power is, which so like a god thou wearst amongst thy
Slaves, revenge and freedome guides me to thy ruine,
And you sir, strike to prevent the losse of such
An oppertunitie, a vow forbids me
To tell you who I am: now the wound that thou
Basely gavest me, when I was bound and naked.
They fight, Tullius falls.
Tul. I have but few words
Man. I am your choyce then.
Mel. As it happens.
Tul. I am slaine, and by my slave bound for ever.
Phi. Lye there and curse.
Phi. leaves Tullius and runs to Mel and parts them
Man. Nay then ile smiling fal, now I have my revenge
For I see thou wert borne to be a slave, and all
Thy parts of honour, were but distempers in thee
And now thy nature is strong, thou appearst thy selfe,
A slave in thy soule, come what stayes thee, I have
A brest so cleere, it defies thy poniard, trayter.
Phi. No, I was borne free, and *Menlius* his rage
Once over, he will say he hath injur'd me,
And sir, as I drew my sword against my master

When honour bad me, so when you shall seeke
To make me faulty I am your enemie,
And therefore attempt no further this mans
Danger, it is not safe.
Man. My wonder waites upon all this followes acts.
Mel. What are thou that thus in lesse than a man
Hidest more than a god.
Phil. What am I? a soule with her old cleathes on
A slave with wounds and crosses scor'd, and yet in better
Fortune, I have known the your face.
Mel. If thou hast mercy in thee, tel me whom thou art
Phi. Marke me well, dost thou not see thy selfe here.
Not yet --- now I am sure thou dost in these
Christall drops t friendship will guide *Melintus*
To know *Philemon*.
Mel. *Philemon!* O ye gods neve waightes to sinke me.
Phil. Oh tis a powerfull rod that *Melintus*
Friendship strikes with, a thousand miseries
Have smote upon this rocke, but never any
That made water issue through till now.
Mel. Oh *Philemon*, *Philemon*, what cannot friendship do
Tis from her living springs this dew fall.
Man. *Melintus* and *Philemon*, good heaven what change
Hath begot this misery, oh noble Prinees
Vpon my knee I beg when your sad joyes
Are over, youle shower a pardon upon
Vnfortunate *Manlius*.
Mel. *Manlius*? Is this *Manlius*, he was *Clavacillas* friend.
Phi. Tis *Manlius*, and I hope a faire day will
Breake from a bloody evening.
Mel. Your pardon sir, or here upon my breft
Returne the wounds my rage directed against yours.
Man. Repeate it not sir, you make me but call to
Minde my shame, which I must ever blushing weare
When I remember a slave could looke further
Into honour than I.

Phi.

Phi. Oh *Melintus* I have a story for thee
That we shall weepe out together.
Mel. When I looke upon thee I am distracted
To thinke the gods would consent thus to let
Their Temples be ruin'd and vertue alwayes walke
Noked, like truthes Emblem, whilst better fates
Cloath the wicked.
Phi. Deere *Melintus* let not the sense of my
Misfortunes urge a consideration from thee
At the rate of sinne, and dare those powers
Which I know thou fearst.
Mel. I have done noble youth, yet when I looke
Vpon thee, joy and amazement will seize
Vpon me, I have strange things to tell thee;
But this nor time nor place, who is this
That thus unfortunately met thy anger.
Man. A stout and gratefull fellow, twas the Captaine
That sav'd me, when I was doom'd by *Silvander*.
Mel. A stirres, heaven I hope
Will not let the guilt of one accidentall fault,
Hange upon this evening to crosse our joyes.
Phi. I am sorry since there dwelt such honour in him
That he prov'd my enemy; this was the Pirat
Tooke me at *Rhodes*.
Man. Pray helpe him aboard my gally, where we may
All repose, and till to morrow resolve
What is to be done, in the new change of *Sicilie*.
Phi. Lay thy Arme here *Melintus* for these hands
Can onely set *Philemon* free. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Appius and Claracilla.

Cla. I Have done, passion can be a friend
No more she's so unconstant, give her way
And she destroyes her selfe, if I had her

So fortunate to have spoke with you last night
I had prevented this sad chance, for I knew
Melintus anger would take a dangerous leape
When by amazement he had contracted it.

Ap. If I could have fear'd such danger, I should not
Have beene so absent with the remedie,
But I am not satisfied how it was discover'd
By the King, yet if Civility had not prevented me
Ere now I had spoke my feares and long since sayd
Beware of *Olinda*.

Cla. *Olinda!* she betray me?
It cannot be, tis such a Common fate
I blush to thinke it, I cannot feare a punishment
That comes such a road way; and yet Ile observe her
But pray what sayd *Timillus*? was *Melintus* wounded?

Ap. Not dangerous, some slight hurts he had
And upon our approach he tooke covert in the wood,
Timillus sayes he's resolv'd in some disguise to attempt
To speake with you, and my counsell is to send
Some one that's trusty in search of him. (garden

Cla. I shall, and then if you please weele walk into the

Ap. Ile waite you. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Philemon, Manlius, Ravack.
All but Manlius in slaves habits.

Phi. I rejoyce that this day has prov'd so fortunate
As to bring your youth a freedome, with lesse
Sadnesse, than last nights storme threaten'd.

Ra. Sir my safety is a debt I owe your watchful mercy
That thus amongst the earliest of your joyes
Could let your noble pitty, hunt for so
Lost a thing as *Ravack*.

Mel. Now we are ariv'd we have no spare time
To cloath truth fine, therefore give my naked faith
A hearing, I am confident you will not refuse
To take our fortunes in this designe, whose innocencie,
Tho we're forc'd thus to hid with the markes of guilt

And

And punishment, yet know there is so much justice
On our side, that tho we fall in the attempt
And this haste prove but running to embrace
The stake, yet we shall in our story be distinguish'd
And live in the glorious shine which breakes
From the brow of honour Martyrs.

Ra. I am but one, and Ile not say I shall be
Fortunate, but I am certaine I will attempt
Any thing that may speake my gratitude.

Man. Give me leave to breake this discourse, & since
You are pleas'd to trust me with this service, let me not
Lose time, but whilst this expectation's in the Court
Let me see whether I can walke unseene or no;
And since *Selucus* danger was onely losse of blood
They will be more intent about him than if
He had falne; Ile be gone, the day growes old
In the garden you say tis likely I shall finde her;
The Prince is a young man.

Mel. Yes.

Man. I am instructed. *Exit.*

Phi. Tis the minde I see that binds, or sets us free
For that being satisfied we have made our feares
Our sports, and thus maske in our miseries, but by my
Life the earnest they once were in makes me stare
To see thee thus miserable in jest.

Mel. Philemons love is more fortunate than *Melantus*
For it findes kinde ways to expresse it selfe
While I unfortunate onely wish and cry,
How faine I would rejoyce in the lasting knot which
We have triply ty'd by blood, by love,
By miseries allayd. *Exit.*

Enter Maulim. Appius and Claracilla.

Man. This place returnes my forgotten miseries
By calling to minde how happie once I was —
But who are these.

Ap. Whose that that walkes there.

Cla. I know not, is he not of your acquaintance?
Ap. No Madam, walke on and minde him not.
Cla. Who would the man speke withall?
Ap. What would you friend, would you speake
With the Princesse?
Man. Yes sir, Madam I am one that wants
But cannot beg, yet when I have put off
My blushes, be pleas'd to cast your eye upon
A souldiers scarres, and pitty a gentleman
Bow'd by misfortunes not fault to this wretched
Lowne, and if then your bounty finde not
A charity; your pardon, and I am gone.
Cla. A souldier is the god I worship, and to him
I offer this charity, here take all
That at this time I have about me, pray
Of what Country are you.
Man. The name of a souldier is such a common theame
To beg with, and a disguise that so many cheate under,
That I should not dare aske like my selfe but that
I can shew under the hands of those Commanders
Where I serv'd, what and who I am, and had
It beene my fortune to have met the brave
Princes *Meliatus* and *Philemon* here,
The service I once did them, they would have
Seene me rewarded.
Cla. Prithee softly, doest
Thou know *Meliatus*, and *Philemon*, say
And be not amaz'd I aske thus hastily
Where didst thou know them, gentle souldier, speake.
Man. Yes Madam, I dos know em, and here under
Their hands I have to shew, the service I
Did them which if you please you may reade.
He delivers her Meliatus letter.
Ap. Prithee hast of late heard of *Philemon*,
Or canst thou tell whether he be alive or no,
Or canst thou give any account of *Meliatus* lately?

Cla.

Cla. Oh yes, yes, he can, reade there and satisfie your selfe.

Oh noble *Manlius*, where is *Melinda*, where
Is the Gally, where is *Philemon*, why
Doe I stay, cannot you guide me, will not
Prince *Appius* goe, I am resolv'd I will,
And be miserable here no longer, where
Religion, friendship, duty, love, no
Harvest brings, all my endevours here bootelesse
Be, like the imposters beads that fall without a prayer,
Say shall we goe, will you remove me from
This place so full of dangers to my friend?
Looke he writes to me to come, and shall I
Stay, no no *Melinda*, I obey, and where is
To shrinke into the earth, Ile meete thee, and
No longer with my prayers protect this ungratefull
Place from the punishment her treacheries call downe;
Let fooles beadsmen to the Altar bow (like
For other sinnes Ile pay none but my owne vow.

Ap. Her joyes transport her,
And theres no striving against the streame,
For passion in women is by strength layd
And when we yeeld they are betray'd.

Enter Seleucus, Surgeon, and attendants.

Sel. Is there no hope of *Carillus* life.

Sur. No my Lord.

Sel. Will *Timillus* scape.

Sur. Yes my Lord, his wounds were slight.

Sil. But he shall not, not shall fortune have power
To adde another sickly weeke to his hated dayes:
Waite all without --- my hopes are blasted nor must
I expect ever to gaine my ends by faire
Meanes from *Clarcella*, I have wound
Vp her hatred to so great a height, and
Twere folly to hope a peace from a woman cruell
In her love, no, no, policy, or force

Must gaine the pleasure I aymed at — whose there? *knock*

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the King. *Enter King.*

Sel. Oh sir, hide me from my shame, or my blushes
Will not let me looke upon you, the disgrace
Brands me with coward for ever, that I should
Be overcome, when nothing but a Traytor
Strucke, a thing which ought to be the scorne, not fear'd
Of honest men, when they are arm'd.

King. Quiet thy selfe, and be not troubled at such a
Scorn'd subject. I come to tell thee ere this shame be
Over, while I can with justice frowne, I would have
Claracilla married, and to worke our ends
Weele now resolve — — *Enter Servant.*

Ser. Sir, there's a Sea-man without desires to speake
With you, he sayes he hath earnest businesse that
Concernes the state.

King. Admit him. *Enter Manlius.*

Man. Dissimulation thou that so oft hast beene
Prosperous in thy attempts upon the innocent
Once let vertue owe thee for a service.

Sel. Whats your businesse sir, that so hastily
Requires a hearing.

Man. Ha the King! I must not know him, sir be pleas'd
To command your servants off, and I shall whisper
A service that shall claime a reward, which I
Will not require till it be perfect.

Sel. There needes no whisper here, for if it concerne
The kingdome, speake it to the King.

Man. The King, thus low I beg your pardon sir,
And then give me leave to aske whether it
Be worth your care or no, to have in your power
The stranger that fought with my Lord *Selenus*.

Sel. Safely.

King. Dost thou know where he is? canst thou direct
My anger to slye which way to seize the traytor?

If

If thou canst, propose thy owne reward, and take a
Kings word thou shalt have my power to effect it.
Man. Sir I will not bargaine, but in short thus.
I have beene faulty, and a Pyrat speakes the kinde,
But twas while the fault was in fashion
Here, and a theefe wore the crowne, your pardon
For my past faults is the reward I beg
For this service, which if I were not confident I could
Doe, I were mad thus to wake your anger with
A deluded hope; but to the businesse, early
This morning there came to my Gally which
Now rides in the haven, two strangers, as
They pretended, that had unfortunately in a Duell
Slaine one that had a neere relation to your Majestie
And by many arguments pleaded my protection,
Which at first sight their miseries engag'd me to,
And I undertooke to serve them, one of them,
The faire haird man, gave me a letter to deliver
To the Princesse, from whom he says I should
Have great rewards, if I would be faithfull,
I undertooke it, and if this may procure my peace,
When you please to command me, they are dead.
Sel. The letter, prithee lets see the letter, tis
He for certaine, but who the second should be.
King. I cannot guesse.
Sel. Thy pardon, and a reward for thy faith
Vpon my life thou shalt receive.
King. Hast thou the letter.
Man. Yes sir. *He delivers the letter to the King.*
King. Ha! *Melintus* and *Philemon*, their hands subscrib'd
To this Treason, see *Selnous* tis *Melintus*
And *Philemon*, that in disdaine have waited
Our destruction, the gods are just still,
And now from the height of all their impious darings,
Have let them fal into our punishments.
Looke they urge *Claracilla* to escape,

By

By the assistance of this honest Souldier
They assure her she may safely make and call
All this Treason, the sting of slaughter
Assist me, *Selvem*, that I may invent
Some strange tortor to afflict their false-hood
Sel. Is this possible. (them,
Man. Worke on mischiefe till their rage has blinded
That in the darke I may easier lead them to their ruine
Sel. *Mellinus* and *Philemon*, tis no new danger,
This my rage distracts me, and in the strength
That anger lends me, I can performe all ye
Can require from a sound and healthy friend;
But doe it quickely sir before I am unbent
And thus by her assistance reach their ruine.
Kin. Is cannot be she should proceed to my destruction.
Sel. It cannot bee then he were a foole and onely
Sow'd dangers to reape dangers, thinke ye he would
Lose his heaven to place another there,
No tis visible he loves, and that has beene
The cause mov'd all his darings, and that he
Loves the Princesse, does that start ye, call
To minde the surprise in the garden, what rage
Will that meeting fill your brest with, when ye shal know
Tis no ayrie, hopelesse single love, no
Cupid with one wing that threatens now
As when *Silvander* strucke; these have made
The imperfect boy, a perfect God betweene them,
And with returne of eternall faith, have given
Both wings and eyes, and directed by their bold
Soules what to doe, is now upon the wing, and flies (fire.
With more certaine danger in your Court than death or
King. This is a dangerous truth, and if my daughter
Consent to their desires they dye? (ver it to
Sel. To be secur'd of which, seale this letter and deli-
This honest man, & let him deliver it to your daughter
And urge her answers, which when a has let him returne

With

With it this will guide your justice which way to steere
And your anger shall onely finde the guilty, and the act
Being just consequently tis safe, for the guilty
Have no revenge to follow their fall.

King. I am resolv'd if she consent they fall.
Dispatch him with the letter, and let me have
An answere at my Chamber.

Sel. Sir now you consent to be safe, be not troubled
But leave the rest to me, now to our business.
Ile immediately send a servant of mine for a woman
Of the Princesse my creature, from whom
I have dayly intelligence, she shall get you
An opportunitie to deliver the letter
Her name's *Olinda*, and to her Ile addresse you,
To be false now is to be faithfull.

Man. And that makes me so false, but stay sir;
I have a minde to make you indebted to me
For a greater benefit than you dreame of,

Sel. Whither tendst thou.

Man To assure you I meane to be faithfull, & to oblige
My selfe, to make which good, Ile put my life
Into your hands, and if you dare obey
My directions, Ile propose a way
That with safety you may reach your revenge,
A crowne, and *Claracilla*:

Sel. *Claracilla*, canst thou propose away to gaine her
Let but that appeare through fire and drought,
Oppos'd dangers greater than cowards feares
Ile flye to embrace it.

Man. Within Ile instruct you, and then Ile obey
The Kings directions for the letter, which will be
One step to advance our plot, and if it thrive
What I shall be, Ile leave to your own bosome, to resolve

Sel. What thou shalt be, thou shall be my bosome. *Ex.*

Enter Appius, and Claracilla.

Cla. I wonder a stayes so long, I am afrayd

His

His reason will not prevaile with my father
Selucus is crafty, and although I was
By strength of your argument perswaded to it,
Yet I am sorry that I consented to
Let them know tis *Melintus* whom they pursue,
A name already subject to their hate,
But heaven I hope will direct all.
Ap. If I were not assur'd that *Mandana*
Were honest I should not have ventur'd thus
To perswade you to discover where your health lyes;
But when I am secure that shee in whose
Power he is, will with their lives protect him,
And his discovery onely a baite to draw
His enemies into his power, I must agen
Desire you will with patience attend
The issue of what is well design'd, however
It may meete a crosse. *Enter Mandana.*
Man. Oh Madam, I am laden with joy, and
The strangeness of the burthen makes me thus
Sinke in the way; I have discover'd who
Tis that betrayes you, tis *Olinda*, *Selucus*
Made it his boast, but you must not yet
Take notice of it, but seeme to rely upon her faith
As a meanes of your escape which is consented too
By all, under a hope that they shall seize you,
I cannot tell you all the particulars now,
Onely thus much our designes have taken,
As I could wish, this letter by their consent
Is return'd to you, had you seene the care
Your father tooke, that the violence which the scale
Met, might not be perceiv'd, you would
Have laugh'd; they expect your answere, and I have
Promis'd to bring is immediately, which must
Be that you will meete *Melintus* this evening
Without delay, your woman onely in company
And to be received from the garden wall.

This

This being dispatch'd Ile to the King and shew it him
And there make all sure, sir you must be pleas'd
To mingle yourselfe in the presence, and there
Cheerefully accept any proposition
The King shall make, which shall onely be
What we resolve on within, and then Ile to my boate
And there in smiles pitch the bloody toyles (prey
Wherein weele take these hunters, and make them our
Cla. Lose no time for heavens sake, tis a strange
Torture, doe not you nor you feele it thus
To be delay'd in the path that leades to brave *Melintus*
Man. Madam weele lose no time, be you ready
To obey yours, and Ile strictly observe my part,
And I hope the next thing we discourse of will be
About the sacrifice due to heaven for this delivery. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Philemon, and Ravark.

Mel. Tis about the time that *Manlius* bid us
Expect his returne, if we bee so happie
As to see *Claracilla*, what kinde of habit
Will thy joy weare, I am afrayd mine will be,
Cloath'd in a palenesse, for I cannot promise (pinesse
My selfe strength enough to beare such unexpected hap-
Phi. Prithee thinke not of it, let it steale upon us
I finde I have not man enough to meete with her
Without trembling, the very thought has strucke
A coldnesse through my blood, and now you have
Told her that I love, I could easier dye
For her than speake to her, for tho my love
Has none, yet I shall still have a guilt about
Me when I but looke or speake.
Mel. Deere *Philemon* we beleev'd thee lost
When I told the story, and did it that
Thy friendship might live in her noble mention.
Phi. Sir your pardon, for that we entertaine our selves
When you stand by, to whom me thinkes love should
Be no stranger.

Ra. I have a story too, but this no time to tell it ---

Enter Manius.

Man. Noble Prince, and ye hat finde me strangely
Alter'd with the joy that now possesseth me
The Princesse is well, and saluses you both
And the stranger kisses your hand.

Mel. Prithee let me [illegible] the joy,
Will the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] joy
Have we no interest in this joy [illegible].

Man. Yes, but I have a thousand things to tell you
Which if you will attend, and follow my
Directions, we shall ere to morrow [illegible]
See all our wishes crown'd, [illegible] as [illegible],
For we lost [illegible], [illegible] will [illegible] too short
To bound our [illegible] [illegible] only
Thus much [illegible], we [illegible] the mettle bring
The gods will have the way and forme to our
Happinesse, the world of their owne hands:

Mel. Softly follow, with our thankes for gratitude,
Is to mercy both baite and hooke. *Exit.*

Enter Selacus.

Sel. This souldier was sent from heaven I thinke
To take care of me, all things runne so even
That he takes in hand, the Princesse hath consented,
The King I have perswaded to goe in person
And surprise her, the Prince too will beare them
Company, and what then, my joyes want a name;
Melintus, *Philemon*, and the King must dye,
Their fate which is, I have sayd it, the Prince
Shall live to strengthen me in my action, upon no
Other condition shall he weare his head,
On the severall habits, their humors
Will be in that rage, envie, feare, and amaze
Will breede in their wretched thoughts when they
Shall finde my word pronounce their doome, and
Possesse me of *Characilla*, whose beauties

Entreat'd

Encreas'd by the sweetenesse of force, will make me
more a King,
Than all the power that a just Crowne could bring.
But I lose time, and neglect my part in
My owne affaires, the King and Prince I must see
Meete at the place, where they must
Stand but as witnesses to the receipt of all my part
Of heaven, a Diadem, and *Claracilla*. *Exit.*

Enter Melintus, Philemon, and Ranack.

Phi. This is the place he appointed we should waite
For him, and tis much about the time he
Bid us expect him, if they come we shall
Possesse a joy we hoped not, he brings
Revenge along whose fruites the Gods have beene
Pleas'd to feast with, and the sweetes we see,
Makes them from us mortalls, with fiery injunctions
Still enclose the tree ----- *Enter Manlius.*

Mel. Hark I hope he comes, the moone is friendly, tis he

Man. Are ye ready. *Omnes.* Yes, yes.

Man. Be resolute, and still, for they are comming.

Enter King, Appius, and Selucus.

King Are we right.

Sel. Yes sir.

King. Where's the Souldier.

Sel. Hees stept before.

King. Sir I refrain'd to tell you what the occasion was
Till now, because I was asham'd to let you know
My Daughters fault till you might be a witnesse of it,
And then you would not wonder at my displeasure,
When you perceive she could so put [illegible] honour
As to leave me lost in my promise to your selfe,
And hope of a wish'd haire to succeede me here.

Ap. Sir, I hope some mistake has begot this doubt
The Princesse ever promis'd a faire [illegible]
Of love to your Majestie, and I shall be glad
To finde you are deceiv'd.

King.

King. No sir tis too true
For had not *Selucus* faith beene watchfull,
This night had made her base flight into the loath'd
Embraces of a Traytor, and a subject;
Nor does she know she shall be prevented
Enter Manlius, Phi. Mel. Ra. and stand close.
But is now upon the wing if we prevent it not.
Ap. I am sorry sir your doubts have so much reason
to build upon. *Manlius whistles.*
Sel. We are call'd.
Man. This way, your hand
Sel. *Manlius* doe they know how to distinguish me.
He leades the King, Appius, and Selucus
and delivers them to the slaves.
Man. Yes, I have given them a signe.
King. Is it long to the time that she appointed.
Man. No sir, tis the houre that she commanded me
To waite, one of you looke out, and if ye
Spie a fire, call that we may approach to
The garden wall with the boate.
Phi. I goe. *Exit.*
Sel. If it be possible let *Olinda* fall by the board
Ide have her dead, she will be talking else.
Man. She shall sinke we will not trust a whore.
Enter Philemon.
Phi. I have made a light from the Princesse window.
Man. Quickely then set to the wall, and dee
Heare *Rhodian* *They whisper.*
Phi. Leave that to me. *Exit.*
Enter Claracilla and Olinda above.
Cla. Dost thinke they le come, dost thou beleeve I shall
Be happie, my love was ever of her blisse affayd.
Oli. You need not feare, I am confident your thoughts
Will be prosperous, I heare the water dash ——
Enter Manlius.
Who's there? the souldier?
Man.

Man. Yes, tis I, who's there *Olinda*?
Olin. Yes, and the Princesse. (speedy. *Exit.*
Man. Come to the next corner, we are all ready be
Enter King, Appius, and Selu. to them Man. and Clara.
Man. You are safe, the slaves are the men I told you of;
Your Father, *Appius*, and *Selucus* are all here
But be confident. *Exit.*
Sel. Stand close till we be off the wall, and *Olinda*
Come, for she is guilty too.
Enter Manlius, Melintus, Philemon Ravak.
Man. Falne by the board and not to be found? death,
Slave thy life shall answere the neglect.
Phi. She perisht by her haste, no fault of mine.
Man. Leave your prating sirrah, Madam your pardon
For this unfortunate accident, your mayde is lost,
Falne by chance by the board and drown'd, I should
Not dare to looke you in the face after this
But that I am confident I shall shew
You other friends that are as deere.
Cla. My maide lost, oh set me backe agen, this ill
Omen fore-tells a greater danger.
Man. Can there be danger to *Claracilla* where these friends are. *He discovers the King, Appius, and Selucus*
Cla. Ha! traytor to my love & me, what hast thou done
King. Thou art a traytor, unworthy, no more
A daughter, but the sinne and shame of my blood,
Foole that thou art, couldst thou beleeve that thy
Base passion could walke in so close and base a disguise
That my anger could not finde it, no thou art
Deceiv'd, and to urge thee to despaire,
Know thy obscure Paramours, *Melintus*
And *Philemon*, the two wolfes to my heart,
Thou hast thus with safety cut away
But off to the street, and there thou shalt
Behold their ruine.

Man. stands by the King. Phil. goes to Cla. Rou goes to Ap. Mal. to Sel. they seize them

Sel. Yes, put off, thats the word
And then put off hope, and in amazement
Behold the lightning thats wrap'd in this
Swolne cloud which now breakes, and in death
Shootes your severall fates.

King. Heaven thou art just,
And tis equall to let me fall in the designe
I layd to destroy those noble youthes, for thee
I will not looke upon such a hated Traytor
When I am so neere my home.

Sel. No you must be witnesse first to the marriage
Of this Princesse, then ye shall both be a sacrifice
To our Hymen.

Cla. Thy wife, I smile upon thee thou art so base
A thing thou couldst never finde my anger,
Yet my scorne was ever strong enough to
Strangle thy hopes.

Sel. Anon, twill be my time to smile, when dy'd
In thy fathers blood, my revenge shall force
All their sweetes from thee, which I will gather
In the presence of thy Paramour, nor shall
He or these have liberty to dye before
I have enjoy'd thee, nor the act once past
Shall the earth redeeme their lives, doe you perceive
How small a share you are like to have in this kingdome.

Ap. I am glad to see thee growne to such a height
Of sinne, for now my hopes tell me the gods
Will not suffer such a dogge to bay them long
Their lightning will choose thee meanest.

Man. Sir, stay not on mee, but away to Neptunes
Temple when we have perform'd what we
Resolv'd there, then to the gally and and our hunt.

Sel. Binde them then, and lets be gone. *Exit*

Enter Timillus above, Lucina below, and knocks

Tim.

Tim. Who knockes.

Ia. 'Tis *Iacomo*, we are loſt if thou ſtayſt, this night thy friends abode is betray'd to the King, the Princeſſe that was this night to meete him is ſurpriz'd, in her journey by the treachery of a Souldier that they truſted, and if you not attempt your eſcape, you are loſt, your window's large and ſtands upon the haven, if you can ſwim, this night leape in, and Ile be ready on the ſhoare to receive you with dry cloathes, and horſes to convey us to our ſafety, if we ſtay we periſh.

Tim. I can ſwimme, but the ſeaſon is ſomewhat too cold for that pleaſure, and I could bee glad to have the wounds the mad dogge gave me cur'd without being drencht in ſalt water, but how ever if youle aſſiſt me Ile leape farre enough.

Ia. What houre ſhall I expect you.

Tim. At twelve.

Ia. Till then farewell. *Exit.*

Tim. Theres ſome comfort yet when there is a way, when leaping forth a window can doe't, well if I get free, if ever againe I come into any company that thinks it lawfull to love any woman longer than a man has uſe of the Sex, they ſhall geld me: by this hand I have layne with an hundred unſound wenches, with leſſe danger than I have look'd upon this honeſt goblin, this ſcurvie horrible matrimonie, which is ſo dangerous a thing the very ſtanders by are not ſafe; I muſt ſwimme but for wiſhing well to it, but from this time either *Melintus* ſhall quit this honourable way to his loves, or Ile leave him to the honorable dangers. *Exit.*

Enter Seleucus, Melintus, King, Manlius, Ravack, Appius, Philemon, Claracilla, and a Prieſt.

Sel. Stand, now Prieſt doe your office. *He takes Cla.*

Cla. Has this impious traytor bound the (*by the hand.*) Hands of Iuſtice, that thus ſhe lets him proceede to Miſchiefe and will not in her owne battle ſtrike, muſt

The

The innocent fall and none defend them.

Philemon draws his sword

Phi. Yet faire one, and in their usuall way
Shew their power, which thus from the meanest of
The earth, heaven has rais'd the a guard for your vertues

Sel. Ha.

Phi. Who is so much a slave that he can let
This sinne chaine him for ever.

Men. How's this.

Phi. We that have together borne our miseries
And with a harsh fate, worne out our weary dayes,
Have not amongst them all, met one that will
Lye so heavie on our feares, as this base act,
If we assist the Traytor.

Ra. Sir be free, and let honour only draw your sword.

Revack releases Appius, they draw.

Sel. Kill that Traytor slave.

As Selucus attempts, Melintus seizes him and sets a dagger to his breast.

Mel. Free the King, foole canst thou yet reade the
Miseries thy hated life shall feele, if not, here
Melintus tells thee what they are

Melintus puls off his beard and discovers himselfe.

Sel. Melintus!

Mel. Whilst *Philemon* and *Manlius* triumph in the
Victory that having loyalty has gain'd over
Thy insulting treacheries --- sir to you I kneele
For pardon, for thus venturing to threaten
Dangers, all else are acquainted with the plot
We layd to discover to your abused trust
This wretched monster. *Revack seizes Selucus*

Cle. The Prince sir was of Counsell in all we did.

Phil. And we have his consent sir to be happie.

King. Of all I aske a pardon whom my doubt
Have injur'd, and Ile no longer crosse your joyes:

You

You have my consent, and heaven crown your wishes
But for thee thy villanie shall destroy thee.
Sel. Madam to your vertues, which my mischiefes still
Have hunted, thus low I bow, and when I
With repentant teares have washed the way, let
My last breath finde your faith, that I lov'd, the
Rate I would have payd speakes how much, and since
From him I derive those mistries; by his power
Which you have bow'd to I begge and conjure
Your mercy, that it may in pardon finde me;
And then with a wound here Ile give balme to
Those under which my honour now languishes.
King. Disarme him. *He drawes a dagger.*
Sel. Attempt it not. *He stabbes himselfe.*
Cla. Hold I forgive.
Sel. Can you forgive, oh this mercy
Has chang'd my opinion, I thought nothing could
Have made *Claracilla* more like an Angell;
But this mercy has added to all thy beauties
A heavenly forme, and one wound to those that
Iustice threaten, and thy faire soule, tis fit
I offer my selfe though none be more unfit
For sacrifice, and whilst my faults expire
In the blood that bred them, from heaven onely
Shall *Selucus* beg a pitty, my hate dwell
With all the rest; oh turne not but looke upon
The ruine you have made, and whilst I thus
Gazing dye, witnesse my heaven which is *Claracilla*
I fall to love and scorne a Martyr. *Dyes.*
King. Whilst Iustice is striking let me lift a hand here
Martius this I hope will cure all the
Wounds my unkindnesse gave thee, and now to Court
That when thou hast these bonds put off, Hymen may
New fetters bring.
Mel. Sir your pardon, if I
Say I must not change this habit till my joyes

Are

[illegible] bond freed, this disguise
[illegible] so fortunate that I dare not quit it
[illegible] possible to misse my wishes.
[illegible]. Take your pleasure,
[illegible] Oh Madam you have heard a story which
[illegible] me blush to looke upon you.
[illegible] *Philemon* must not be troubled now when
[illegible] joyes are thus compleate, but live in smiles
[illegible] recount our miseries.
[illegible]. The story how, we came to be thus happie
[illegible] reserve to crowne our feast with, and *Maulius*
[illegible] part in the successe of this day shall not
[illegible] forgotten, to the boate, and then to the Temple,
[illegible] let the Priests sing an
[illegible] to these lovers praise,
Whose fetchs have turn'd their chaines to
Myrtle and triumphant bayes. *Exeunt.*

As they goe off singing over the Stage. Enter Timillus above with a Rope to come downe and make his escape, heares them sing, understands by the song that it is all joy and peace, and when they are gone he speakes.

Tim. Nay if the winde be in that corner, Ile leape
No leapes but this,
With a health, the prayers of the Layitie,
Give thankes for our delivery.

Wm FINIS. Glogg

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